The Sunday Oregonian.

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THE OLD SCOW.

Recollections of a Famous Bay Craft, Without a Model.

THE "RANDALL" AND HER RACES.

How a Man Built another Scow to Beat Her and didn't do it--She gets Burned Up Rather than be Beat.

She was "the boss," as the young lady said about the ball. If ever there was a craft in which quality would tell and looks went for nothing, it was the old scow herself. Early in 1854 a man by the name of P. M. Randall located a bay ranch near Suisun city, Cal., and began to ship hay to San Francisco. His agent there was a gruff, illiterate Yankee named Charles L. Place, a great lover of races of every sort. He was shrewd and a natural money-maker; and constantly increased the scope of his business out of its earnings. In March, 1855, he built a large scow which he named after Mr. Randall. She was rigged as a sloop similar to those which ply between the Cascades and The Dalles on the Columbia, and place I her in the hay trade to Suisun. The benevolent society known as the Master Mariners' Association was formed that year and the idea of a regatta for the Fourth of July was organized there for the first time. The entries included keel schooners, center-board schooners, sloops and scows, the last supposed to be slowest of all. The Randall was entered in this race, the first prize being $125, the second $85, and the third $40, so that the total of prizes amounted to $250. The scows got off first, then the center-board schooners and sloops, and the round-bottomed vessels last of all. The great big scow soon went to the front, but fell behind before reaching the stake boat, for the course was a dead beat to windward from Rincon Point over to a stake boat off Goat Island, thence to a stake boat above Alcatraz, thence to a stake off Fort Point, and thence a free run home to the place of beginning. Beti ran high on the schooners Whiting and Odd Fellow and the sloop John Sutton. But nobody had ever figured on the old scow.

AT GOAT ISLAND

The old scow was still in the lead, just her advantage over the Odd Fellow was but a nominal one, while the Whiting and Ortolan were crowding her very close. At the stake boat between Angel Island and Alcatraz the Odd Fellow and the Whiting had passed the scow and the Ortolan was lapped on her. At the Fort Point boat the sea was rather strong and the Ortolan was clear in front of the Randall. Now the sheets were slacked off, and away went the great mass of timber and canvas, for shape she had none. One by one she passed them, Ortolan, Whiting and Odd Fellow, walking along as unconcerned as an old woman going to market. Place walked the quarter-deck, exclaiming, "G'long, yer dirty old drab! Wassa matter, you, old slut! git away, yer hussy," and equally Chesterfieldian expressions. And so amidjubilatense excitement and loud cheers from the noble army of hoodlums who slept in the bayberries along the city front, the old scow bowled along, passed Clark's point and reached the judges' boat a hundred yards ahead of the Whiting, then commanded by Capt. Tom Cox, and old age bore up its wing with enthusiasm. A year later she left for Europe and quarreled with Strakosch, whom she accused of having swindled her in business matters. She

SET PARIS ON FIRE

The first night she opened there in the part of "Norina," in "Don Pasquale," which she performed with an archness and coquettish grace that made her the idol of Paris before the drop fell on the first act. Never before was such homage paid to an artist. The gallery gods rushed pell mell down stairs to unharness her horses and drag her carriage home, only to find themselves forestalled by the sons of the *nagre* aristocrat of the empire. Her name was on every lip. Baldheaded men wore Patti wigs, youngsters tied Patti cravats around their necks, ladies wore Patti bonnets, and even the oyster stations advertised Patti oysters along with their oyster patties. Her fame now covered two continents and her troubles had only begun.

THE IMPERIAL FAVORITE.

At this time "the nephew of its uncle" was in the zenith of his splendor, in the brilliant masquerade of the second empire. The dear-bought victories of Balaklava and Sevastopol, which had carried sorrow and ruin to so many French homes, had been more than compensated by the brilliant exploits of Solferino and Magenta. Gluted with success and fairly dazzled with the flattery of sychophants who were quietly weaving the web of his overthrow, the emperor sought new worlds to conquer. In all the regal splendor of the Compiegne court Patti was the bright particular star, and Eugenie was her true friend. The Marquis de Caux, a *roue* and a gambler, sought the hand of Adelina in marriage. The empress endeavored to dissuade her from it, but Louis Napoleon was inclined to favor it, and they were married in great splendor.

AN ILL-ASSORTED MATCH.

There were never two beings less fitted for the holy relation of man and wife. She had been wonderfully successful in a profession where thousands, equally persevering, had made ignominious failures. She had amassed a fortune of over half a million francs before she was twenty-four years of age, besides having received presents so nearly an equal value. He was the opposite; some man of high honor, whose dignity had forbade his using his wife's private fortune, all might have gone well. But Caux was no such man. He gambled and bet on every sporting event, made "books" and drained of his wife's money, and in three years she was as poor as when she first trod the lyric stage. Matters went from bad to worse, till at last Adelina found she had a rival. This was too much for her woman's nature to stand, and just about the time that the empire went down in a crash, Patti obtained a divorce from the man she took up with

NICOLINI, THE TENOR.

Whom she is reported later to have married. Since then she has occasionally come to the surface of society like a drowning woman catching at a straw. Her infatuation for Nicolini is such that she refuses to sing without him, although his inferiority as a vocalist is manifest to all who have heard Capoul, Campanini and other contemporary tenors. And now she is in New York, the scene of her early triumphs, a woman of 38 years, with her voice rapidly failing and her face marked with the lines of care and dissipation. She seems very much grieved because New York won't pay $10 per seat to hear her sing, but we fear she will have to come down to the prices which were quite satisfactory to such prima donnas as Marie Roze, Pauline Lucca and Minnie Hauck.

IMPARTIALLY CONSIDERED

Her powers as a singer are inferior to those of her sister Carlotta, while in the matter of personal beauty she never was the peer of Clotilde. But she was bright, audacious, fascinating and possessed an indescribable charm over her audiences. But for her ill-assorted marriage into the pauper nobility of France, she might now have been reclining in luxury and cutting the coupons off her United States bonds at the rate of two or three thousand dollars per month. As it is, she is a middle-aged woman with a prospect of losing her voice at no distant day, and the outlook is not very pleasant for one who has squandered millions and cannot now command to exceed a few hundreds. Her personal beauty has been almost a fatal gift, and she is even now more attractive at 38 than most women who are ten years her junior.

HER FUTURE PLANS ADE

Probably a trip to Havana and New Orleans, after which she will perhaps visit San Francisco, the city which gave such an ovation to her older sister a quarter of a century ago. It is not likely she will visit Oregon even if she is so gracious as to reduce the price of tickets to $5 each. Our people will always pay the top prices for what has real merit; but they have had to work for what they possess and hence know the value of money. Again they prefer English opera to Italian, which speaks volumes for their courses in Italian, which speaks volumes for their courses in taste, unbiased by the ballads of Linley, Sloman, Claribel and Brinley Richards, to the grandest operas of Bellini, Donizetti and Mozart; and if any Italian divinities expect adoration in this quarter they had better wait for a while--say 25 quarter they had better wait for a while--say 25 years--before presenting themselves.

M. .

When the Fir Numbers First Began It.

[The Fortnightly Review.]

The ordinance of the plumbers, approved by the mayor and aldermen of London in the thirteenth year of Edward III, ordain "that every one of the trade shall do his work well and lawfully, and that for working a clove of lead for gutters or for roofs of houses he shall it be only 4d, and for working a pound of lead coming to the said city for sale, to the damage of the commonality, but that all persons of the said trade, as well poor as rich, shall be partners therein at their desire." There were many ordinances, both royal and municipal, in the fourteenth century for the sale of various commodities "at reasonable prices." The general standard of "reasonable" or fair prices and profit was custom. Where the seasons, as in the case of food, or other circumstances made a customary price impossible, the local authorities or the central government itself intervened to prevent sellers from taking advantage of the necessities of buyers. There was no lack of speculating and greed of lucre, as abundance of self-seeking and greed of lucre, as well as of hypocrisy, in the mediæval world, but they worked not through competition but through combination; towns, guilds, companies, classes, and grasping at exclusive privileges, monopolies and gains. Men pursued their petty ends, as it were, in troops and packs. What was sought was not the gain of individuals as such, but of communities, corporations, fraternities and orders.

GARFIELD AND TOM CORWIN.

THE FATAL GIFT OF WIT IN ASPIRING STATESMEN.

How the Former Kept it in Check and the Latter Suffered Irretrievably from It--Corwin's Death in Garfield's Arms.

[Private Dalzell in the Cincinnati Commercial.]

It was at the house of the Hon. John Lemmox, one of our wealthy farmers, in the fall of 1877, that I heard Gen. Garfield express himself more fully about Corwin than at any other time, though he often alluded to him in conversations and speeches. Gen. Garfield, the Hon. John Lemmox, and myself had just enjoyed a royal country dinner at Mr. Lemmox's house, a man who is not grateful for a good dinner, or cat meat on it without overflowing with gratitude--well, he thought to go hungry--that's all.) Gen. Garfield was in good spirits, though a little tired, for he had spoken in Caldwell, and rode seven miles, and he had again addressed an immense crowd at Satahaville, and now, after a ride of 10 miles, expected to make his third speech for the day that night at Summerfield. It was a golden day in early September, and Gen. Garfield let the way out of the great half door to the cool, grassy yard, where he threw himself down on the grass, in the shade of a tree, and we all tumbled down beside him.

He lit his cigar and led the conversation from one agreeable topic to another. He related, I know not how many an using anecdotes, and kept the company in a roar of laughter for half an hour or so. He was evidently an adept at telling and taking real in that way from the excessive strain of thought to which four hours of argument had subjected him that day, and getting ready for the tremendous effort to which we were all to be treated that night at Summerfield.

I ventured to say, "General, I had no idea you were such a humorist. You never indulge in fun or anecdotes in your speeches. You must give us some of this fun o-night at Summerfield." He rolled over on the grass, resting his elbow on the ground and his large head in that great, strong, right hand of his, and looking squarely but kindly at me, simply shook his head, puffed his cigar again, and quietly said "No." Then, more gravely, he went on to say that while he was a very young man he had indulged in some displays of humor in his earliest speeches, un il he was cured of that defect by a remarkable and rather laughable experience. It was one of his first political speeches, before he had thought of becoming a candidate for any office. He spiced it with anecdotes and humorous allusions of all sorts, and succeeded in raising quite a laugh now and then. I e said, after the performance, he was glad to get out of town and back home, and that he felt half ashamed of his success in that line. The more he thought of the folly to which he had stooped in his ambitious the more he felt humiliated over it. But it was not to stop there. A week or so after he got home he received a marked copy of the local sheet published where he had spoken, containing what was in endeed as a first-class compliment to his abilities as a speaker. It ran on in something like this fashion "Mr. Garfield, for a young man scarcely out of his teens, is a remarkable wit, punster and humorist. He is almost equal to Major Jack Downing or Doesticks. During his humorous remarks here the other evening he kept the house in a constant roar of laughter. He is as full of fun as an egg is of meat, and would make an excellent clown."

As he related all this in his inimitable style, the ludicrous picture of Garfield as a clown in the circus ring rose before our fancy, and we all laughed until the tears were on our cheeks. I looked at Garfield. He had hitherto more than smiled, and was waiting until we got quiet enough for him to resume.

"That," said he rather solemnly, "was the end of my efforts to be funny. I never tried it again. The compliment with it the fellow intended I interpreted as a rebuke and instead of attempting to gratify him by encouraging me to go on trying to provoke merriment, it made me resolve to hold that tendency in check for the future, and, as he added with a smile, 'I have found it no easy task. I have often found it difficult to control my tendency that way, for believe I could be so crashy amusing if I were fool enough to try it."

"General," I said, "you knew old Tom Corwin well. He was the prince of funny fellows, and yet he was quite a statesman--governor of Ohio, United States senator, and all that sort of thing. I am sure his tendency to raise a laugh must have been a help."

"There," said Gen. Garfield, gently, "you don't know, you are all wrong. It did hurt him all his life, and threw a cloud on his reputation that never can be removed. The weakness of Corwin's, I believe he might have been president. Certainly he would have been, without it, a much greater and more imposing figure in our history."

Gen. Garfield said that Corwin confessed as much himself. He said that often in the senate when he would rise to speak the senate would begin to grin and expect him at once to launch out into some roaring yarn, and pull out his cigar-case. They did not come off as quick as he thought they would, and he rose to reach for a shot-jack. Losing his balance, he fell over and upset the cool oil lamp that was standing beside Bill's bunk. In a moment the little cabin was in flames. With superhuman strength Capt. Torgensen dragged the drunken man to the deck and thence upon the wharf. Bill's clothes were afire and he jumped into the water to put out the flames. George lay on the wharf like a log while the fire licked up its fat repast with agreedy tongue. There was no use to try and untie the sows, for it was low tide. The fire finished the work of cooking with a serpent and soon a charred hull was all that remained of the wonderful old scow. "The Old Guard dies but never surrenders," was her motto. She was destroyed forever, but George was beaten. Next day, he was ashamed her and said:

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FREIGHT STEAMSHIPS.

A Subject of Great Importance to the Pacific Coast.

[New York Times.]

The first freight steamer to engage in the intercoastic trade has arrived at San Francisco. The Marmora left Barrow, England, on the 23d of June, and stopping to take coal at Cape Verde Islands and Cor nbol, on the west coast of South America, arrived at San Francisco on the 8th inst., having been 66 days on the passage. She had on board as freight about 2000 tons of steel rails, and the reason for her entrance into the trade was the desire of some of the railroad builders on the Pacific slop to get the coj pments they needed as speedily as possible. The rate at which the shipment might have been made by sailing vessels would have been about over $5 a ton, but in this case it is understood that $16 75 was paid, thus making the entire shipment cost, when landed, over $20,000 more than would have been the case under ordinary conditions. It is obvious that charters such as this cannot often be made. The saving in time, taking the average length of the voyage when made under sail, was less than 90 months, and usually railroad contracts can be called for much sooner. The work is to avoid saving time at such an extravagant price. The "Monarch" was chartered before she arrived at San Francisco to carry a load of grain to Liverpool at £3 17s 6d, or about $18 50 per ton, and the chief competing vessels at the time the contract was made. Promising that the steamer carries the same weight of grain that she has of rail s, the gross freight money would amount to $21,000 for the round voyage. Out of this it is necessary to deduct the money paid for coal, and assuming that she consumed 35 tons of fuel each day, which would cost very much on board more than an average of $4 per ton--which is not a high valuation considering that the coal was taken in large part at outlying stations--and that she steamed on the round voyage 126 days, this would amount to $21,000, leaving $40,000 for ordinar running expenses and profits. On the other hand, a sailing vessel which carried an equal amount of cargo would, with freight rates as they have been, obtain for making the round trip $22 per ton, which would give a gross freight of $44,000, or 10 per cent, more than the sum made by the steamer, after deducting coal charges. The saving to the steamer would be that she could certainly make five round voyages while a sailing vessel was making three. But it must be remembered that steamers are not likely to have the same favorable outward freight offered to them again. If they can only come back in ballast, they will find competition in the way, the Randall being placed in with round bottom schooners. The wind was a fresh summer one to breeze, and the great mainsail of the Randall walked through the waggish fore of many a Japanese lounge, where he slept off his booze and got ready for business. An hour before the race, next day, he walker into the "Ocean Pearl" saloon and bet $100 to $60 eight times over.

"If I lose this race I'm a goin' to carry a hod, like a Greek, for the rest of my life," he said to the writer. "I don't now any easier way to git this money only to knock Hughes and his friends in the head with a club an I take it away from 'em. And that," he added, "we didn't be the perlite thing to dew."

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Like enchanted steeds the rival craft flew up the bay to the Rincon, and then stood over on a tack to the Oakland bar. The Randall gained a trifle on this leg, but as they held up for the stake boat on Rincon rock, between Alcatraz and Angel island, the Herald closed with her. Hughes' friends now became defiant. The breeze had freshened, and both crafts had taken in gaff-topsails and reefed their jibs and mainsails. They stood over to Fort Point and the wind began to drop. The Randall was the first to shake out her reefs, and soon recovered her lost vantage. Both boats swung Fort Point on a dead leak, but the wind continued to slack. Every rag of canvas they could carry by the conditions of the race had been hoisted and

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About Vanderbilt.

[St. Paul Press.]

It was unkind of Vanderbilt to remark to a reporter that he had no objections to fighting a bank upt railroad. Had the stingy old father not starved himself to lay the foundation of the family fortune the present prince of the Central might be working on a section of some bankrupt railroad or living out a still more precarious and not so honest a living.

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TRESPASSES.

By one who Lives by Keeping up Other Men's Fences.

A GRUMBLER IN HIS GLORY.

The Ancient and Modern Definition of the Word Trespass--Chinese Pertinacity Vats--A Careful Captain, &c.

In olden times a man who entered upon another man's land without his permission was deemed a trespasser. Now the word has a more general signification and includes everything that is not in accordance with the fashions of the day and hour. Those who remind us of our faults and bring to our memory duties that we have neglected, are trespassers and the worst trespasser of all is he who dares to tell the truth. This is an apology for this heading.

Several months ago an English ship lying in the harbor of San Francisco was run into by one of the Pacific railroad ferryboats and damaged severely. The local board of steamboat inspectors acquitted the captain of the steamer, although the ship lay nearly half a mile to the southward of its usual track as the ferry boats. Last Thursday a vessel owned by the same firm was lying in Portland, at a wharf about a block distance above the Stark street ferry, and a heavy fog had settled on the Willamette river. The captain of the ship stationed a sailor at the ship's bell and has it struck all day until the fog lifted, at intervals of about five minutes. And when that captain learned later in the day that the Stark street ferry boat runs on a cable and could not get off her course, no matter how foggy the weather might be, it is but "the first time in his life" to say that his favorite letter of the alphabet was "a big, big D" for several hours afterward.

The Chinese buildings on Second street have become, as might have been foreseen, a dividing line between the business portion of the city and the best since part of Portland. The foul odors that arise from that quarter recall no balm of Araby the blest nor the spices of Ormus and of Ind; and should the moon-eyed celestials be allowed to enlarge their quarters the stench will increase "until the man in the moon is compelled to hold his nose," as Ned Mar hall would have said. Col. Hardenbergh and "Uncle Billy" Beck deserve credit for having tried to redeem this portion of the town from Mongolian possession, and it is a pity that other property-holders on that street had not shown the same amount of public spirit. As it is, Third street bids fair to become the big retail street of Portland, and those who think Capt J. C. Ainsworth is premature in building his three-story brick block at the corner of Oak street, will find how badly they are mistaken. Second street is a barrier at which decency shrinks affronted. To banish the Chinese there he would do no good, as the houses are cut up into small rooms unfit for any other class of people. And they are built on lots leased from ten to ninety years, so that the sublimity of stench which surrounds them bids fair to endure into the middle of the next century.

I have always been an admirer of childish innocence, but when the four-year-olds come out for prayer they break me all up. Last week a stage-driver of my acquaintance bradled a whiplash for his little four-year-old son, and blistered his fingers in so doing. The next day a lumber-boy knocked Master Charlie down and took the whip away from him. That night the driver was away from home and the boy wanted another whip. Having been fed on beef and taught that faith would move mountains, he got down on his narrow knees and began to supplicate the throne of grace after the fashion: "God bless papa and mamma. God bless me and make me a good boy. Please, God, bring papa home a new whiplash, long enough for six horses, and don't blister your fingers."

Jealousy is a fearful passion and realizes in its personifications of those whom it singles out as its victims. We have a case in point, at a fashionable lodging house on Fourth street. Miss Araminta Smearkase had two lovers, and married Mr. Harold Silkinhand in preference to Mr. Harold Silkinhand. They came to the city and took rooms at the aforesaid retreat for the intellectual poor, when along came that odious Silkinhander and bird the very next room to them. That was enough to rouse assassination, but he has even gone further. He has bought a concert and is learning to play the "Sad Widow Dunn," that he may fill the measure of his hellish revenge. The end is not yet. There will be a smell of sulphur in that quarter soon, and my friend, Mr. Jack Knott will get $7 20 for eighteen backs that accompany the remains of Silkinhander to the portals of Lone Fir.

I learn that a cross-line of street railroad is to be run up Morrison street and I hope it will be a cable road because a cable eats no oats. My sympathies are with the wood-choppers who are raising steam, rather than with the grangers who raise oats. Besides, a cable road will run faster than the auto-Dipwinian locomotive. I recall a recent case in Lower Lethy have a hearse which they let out for funerals. The other day the driver of the hearse was to go to a funeral, to be held from a house on the A. M. Lewis addition. He got a bottle of bug-juice and hammered the driver of the car for a race for $5, from the corner of Alder street up to the St. George hotel. The car driver declined, saying that the funeral things was fond of betting on dead things and wouldn't risk best of it every time before he would turn loose.

It is fashion of interlarding articles written in the English language with French or German phrases, like *et'l vous plait* or *ve-gite ne nicht*, is another bad habit. If these words were always pronounced as they are spelt it would not be so bad. But the consequence is generally misspelled, by many questions. For instance, a gent asked, writes us to know if an Irish wake can be called "a spree du corpse" (*esprit du corps*), and another man wants it know if "*Ye Olde Curiosity Shoppe*" is a Hebrew gentleman in an overburdened condition. The newspapers are themselves much to blame for printing these polyglot articles that bewilder most of no classical attainments. If they would furnish each subscriber with a French dictionary, the evil might be ameliorated.

The following is the latest report from the commissioner on foreign relations:

"Mr. Ockenschuss, ist dot so? Cot you hafe seen Mr. Steifelbacher dish morning?"

"Well, no Mr. Mooney-ovitch, I don't. I have seen him, directly, but I didn't he will be here already, said it."

Adjourned for one hour to test the efficacy of the Bliesener process.

Sheridan's acting in the "curse scene" of Lear was grand, but it recalled a laughable scene in Judge Deady's court about two years ago, when H. C. Paige was suing Wells, Fargo for office rent at his Baker City office. The corporation was represented by Dolph, Simon, while the plaintiff had W. W. Page, H. T. Bingham and "Prince Hal" Reed, as his lawyers. In opening the case for defense, Mr. Dolph said, among other things, that Paige had been always a great favorite of the company and that they regarded his defection with deep regret, and having built his speech all around it, Mr. D closed with Lear's words:

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."

Thereupon Prince Hal" arose and made one of his satirical speeches, repleted with caustic irony and closed by saying:

"For sharper than a serpent's thanks it is
To have a tooth less child."

A slight little of laughter arose, which broke into a genuine roar, as Mr. Dolph got up and reminded the court that "the learned gentleman on the opposite side was not stating the quotation correctly," and for some minutes gravity was conspicuous by its absence.

"And that," said Judge Deady, who told me the story himself, "that was the best tried case I ever sat upon, and it was the nearest that anybody ever came to having fun in that court."

The only Knagge, whom the traveling public revere for his antiquity and his grace in matters of unfishable fiction, was standing in the after cabin of the Thompson, the other day, when a young fellow came along with two girls and accosted him in a rather patronizing way. The old man waited till the lets had got comfortably seated in the after cabin and then he walked up and, taking the fellow by the hand, said in an audible whisper, loud enough for the girls to hear and altogether too loud to please the young man:

"Fred, I got a letter from Fanny yesterday. She said it was not consumption that killed Laura--she died of a broken heart. Poor girl, how she must have loved you."

And that night, when the boat got to The Dalles, in order for a stiff neck was countermanded, and there is a pair of satin slippers in a Portland store that will not be called for on that young man's account.

How is it that men, on entering a restaurant, always seek some unoccupied table? Smith goes in to get his breakfast and bows to Jones, nods and frequently to Brown, and shakes hands with Robinson; but he sits down alone by himself, as though restaurant meals were the symbol of celibacy. Meanwhile every table in the little dining-room has at least one occupant, and if a gentleman comes in with his wife, they have to go somewhere else or wait for a vacant table. It may be that no man likes to "give away" his diet to his neighbor. There may be secrets in gastronomy that are worth preserving with the same secrecy as the reduction of silver pu p or the chlorination o gold-bearing sulphurets. But I know why that young man with the white cheese and hair parted middlings thums my table. He heard me call for beefsteak smothered with onions.

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Newspaper ARCHIVE®

The Daily Or[egonian]

SATURDAY MORNING, D[ECEMBER]

FINANCE AND COM[MERCE]

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 9.—Steri[ing] London bankers, 60 days, 81 sight, 84 [com]mentary, 84 79.

Transfers—@@30.

New York, Dec. 9.—Sterling [60] bankers', long, $4 81; short, $4 8[3]; special, from 1@3c lower; documental

Silver bullion, 1[09] fine, 9[8] Coin and U. S. Bonds—3s's, 10[0]; 4s's, 11[4]

LONDON, Dec. 9.—Consols, 99 3-[16] account.

Silver bullion, English standard, [ounce], 52.

U. S. bonds—3's, 105¾; 4's's, 117

4 P. M.—Consols—99 3-16 money.

New York Stock Quota

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Silver bars 4[1]; governments higher; stocks dull Quicksilver, 13[8]; Pacific, 4[7]; Mari Fargo, 4[8]; N. Y. C., 138[4]; Erie, 18[8]; Union Pacific, 119[1]; Bonds, 11 bonds, 113¾; Sutro, 1[1].

Entered at the custom house to-da Nyadora, Roberts master, 1110 tons, Mexico, in ballast.

Cleared: Br bark, Woodhall, Geor centals wheat for Queenstown.

NEW YORK FREIGHTS AN[D]

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—The freight fairly active, and leading ships in ing very well, although manufac what behind in deliveries. On th pers are anxious, as they desire t off by the close of the year. Ra and firm at last quotations. Ton scarce. An early engagem the David Crockett, which to-day. Steamer freights there is lack of freight for th 10th. The Mail company held a which all the directors were pre fee appointed by the officers of ov ported that they had offered to t company the China line of stea gregating $1,450,000, provided the panies would enter into an agr the subsidy of $100,000 a month; committee recommended that in the railroad companies to accep that the president of the Pacific rected to obtain passengers and terms obtainable. The report wa recommendation adopted. It is railroad companies have refuse proposition, and that the Pacif reduced immediately to whatever to utilize the full capacity of ste

Markets for the most part rema

Wheat—Unsettled; opened at a subsequently lost, together with export demand was better, whi there was much activity.

Barley—Quiet.

Provisions—Dull and nominal.

Rio Coffee—In better demand at

Refined Sugar—Quiet and stead

Hides—Quiet, and although slow are steady.

Turpentine—Firmer under bet

Hops—Rather quiet, and hold v ness. Sales, 65 bales of Pacific

Wool—Unsettled.

BOSTON, Dec. 9.—There has be for most kinds of wool, but no There is also considerable inqu We would not be surprised if con taken before the close of the week have been 2,250,000 pounc cluding X@XX Ohio and Pennsyl @46c; with 50,000 pounds choice and Wisconsin fleeces have bee @[illegible]c; some of these prices [illegible] have been asking at 45@4 pulled is somewhat easier, [illegible] and finest. Fine and [illegible] 75@80c, and choice medium is more inquired for; coarse an pound. Combing and delaine fle @[illegible] of the fleece. Of [illegible] nothing at present to [illegible] west is quiet. Very little [illegible] Northern spring sold at 85c. [illegible] combination pulled wools, [illegible] Sales of 35,000 pounds at 39½@3[illegible] been made, largely in range of [illegible] Foreign wool is firm, and there [illegible] sales of carpet at full prices.

Liverpool Grain M[arket]

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 9.—To-day's n[ews] load pounds California flour for [illegible] by from ship to Liverpool, in 3s 9[illegible] To-day's nearest sale value in [illegible] California wheat, per iron vessel, [illegible] ment, 6 1/[illegible], 50s per qr (500 lbs).

Gold and Stock Ma[rket]

SAN FRANCISCO, MAR[illegible]

SAN F[illegible]

Receipts—Wheat, 33,000 ctls; fl[illegible] oats, 300 ctls; potatoes, 3100 sacks,

Wheat—Market continues dull [illegible] sight of improvement. For $1 62½ bid, $1 65 asked.

Barley—Market firm; quotation [illegible] cents feed at $1 45@1 47½.

Oats—Market quiet but firm; n[illegible] @[illegible].

Potatoes—For some kinds the [illegible] sales of early rose, $1 35@1 40; [illegible] changed; sweet sold to-day at $1 [illegible] Onions—2@@3c.

Butter—Fresh roll firm at full [illegible] packed, easy; quotations the sam

Eggs—Fresh Oats, market well [illegible] at prices last given; eastern, 26@ 30c.

Hops—Market very quiet; st[illegible] river, choice, at 29@30c; good to [illegible] held at 25@27c, good to choice Or

Provisions—Market shows no [illegible] State lard, eastern refined, 3 [illegible] hams, 15¾@16½c; bacon, Cala [illegible] others unchanged.

Apples—Demand is good, but t[illegible] is scarcity of offerings; Newto $1@1 50.

Dried Fruit—An inactive mar[illegible] rates; offerings are liberal.

CHARTERS.

To Cork U K, Br ship Cambr 10s; Br bk Lapwing, 747, prim Wave, and toss wheat to Cape Br Waverley, Spot charter; Br sh [illegible]s 2d to Liverpool; Br ship Ac Cock, U K.

NEW YORK MARKE[T]

Wheat—Market quiet; unchang Flour—Steady.

CHICAGO MARKE[T]

Wheat—$1 29¾ January.

Pork—$[illegible] January.

Lard—$[illegible] January.

TELEGRAPHIC ENGLISH M[illegible]

Flooding surgeon—Quiet.

Carcase on passage—Quiet.

Mark Lane—Slow.

Good cargoes red winter off coas No. 2 red winter for prompt shi English and French country in [illegible] Steady.

Liverpool spot—Steady.

Liverpool Wool Sa

LONDON, Dec. 9.—At auction [illegible] wool sales were consisting chiefly o No material change in price.

Shipping Intelligen[ce]

BY TELEGRAPH.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 9.—Arrive Caldfield, Portland; Br bk Lapwing Sailed—Str Eydon Castle, Nan Florence, Cork; Fr bk Valentine, Bord

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Sailed—Am shi San Francisco.

QUEENSTOWN, Dec. 7.—Arrived—S [illegible] Liverpool, Nov. 24.—Arrived—Br b [illegible] Oregon.

Queenstown, Dec. 7.—Arrived—[illegible] San Francisco.

Spoken—Nov. 9.—Lat. 10 N, lon. 35° [illegible], SE Razaire to Portland, o Nov. 2.—Br ship Scottish Minstr [illegible] to Queenstown, 90 days out.

LIVERPOOL, Nov. 24.—In port [illegible] for Portland, Oregon; Br b [illegible]; Hawkins.

PORTLAND, Dec. 9.—Arrived—Br b [illegible] cisco.

ASTORIA, Dec. 9.—Str City of Ch 11 A. M.; the State of California t M.; left for Portland at 12. The down in tow of the Ordway at 6

SAN FRANCISCO STOCK [illegible]

		MORNING SESSION.			SAN FRA
130	Ophir	65	@65	60	Uta
630	Mexican	10¾	@10¾	40	Ex
385	G & C	15¾	@15¾	260	Ov
100	B & B		@4¾	760	Pot
300	G & S		@3¾	760	Un
225	Savage	2 90		220	Cl
200	Cala	45c		50	N
200	Con Va	1 55		140	Al
510	Chollar	1 90		100	Je
100	Potosi	1 15		900	S.
110	H & N	2 90		200	At
100	Point	1 10		180	Wa
135	Jacket	3 60	@3 81	10	Be
1000	Imperial	2 10		585	Di
30	Kentuck	95c		450	G
405	Belcher	1 85	@1 90	40	Re
360	S Nev	10½		80	Co
		AFTERNOON BOAR[D]			
30	Eureka	13¾		100	Ex
15	N Belle	85½		80	Mo
550	Day	2 40		100	N.
600	H Mt Diablo	50	@45	100	Ot
2100	Belding	20	@25c	100	M
40	Bodie	2 60		50	S.
30	Bulwer	3 50		250	Ti
1000	Concordia	1 80		30	Be

FEEBLE LADI[ES]

Those languid, tiresome sensati to feel scarcely able to be on you stant drain that is taking from y elasticity; driving the bloom from continual strain upon your vital you irritable and fretful, can ea the use of that marvelous remedy regularities and obstructions of y lieved at once, while the special c pain is permanently removed. W —*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

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Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 11, 1881.

SYMPOSIUM OF SURGEONS.

Views as to President Garfield's Case and its Management.

DR. HAMMOND THINKS THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED.

But Other Eminent Surgeons Pronounce the Wound Necessarily Fatal—Weight of Professional Opinion against Dr. Hammond.

The discussion entitled "The Surgical Treatment of President Garfield," in the December number of the *North American Review*, is eminently calculated to attract general attention. Four physicians, all of whom have acquired sufficient reputation to win for their views a respectful hearing, express themselves clearly on the subject. Dr. William A. Hammond takes a firm and almost startling position in the first paper; for, if the jury now sitting in the Guiteau case should conclude that it was a correct one, they could not conscientiously convict the prisoner of murder in the first degree. Dr. Hammond asserts that the wound was not necessarily mortal, that the science and art of surgery have reached a state of development sufficiently high to afford certain rules for the treatment of such cases as that of the president, and, in short, that those rules were disregarded. "Hence the President did not have all the advantages of treatment which modern surgery is capable of offering."

It is evident Dr. Hammond's opinion that President Garfield's life might have been saved. He says: "It appears to me, therefore, and I think the great majority of civil and military surgeons will agree with me, that while the president's wound was a serious one, there was not a single feature or combination of features about it which rendered death inevitable." He reviews the facts that the spinal cord received no injury beyond a slight concussion, that no important vessel was injured, and all the abdominal organs escaped, and asks: "Now, where are the elements of inevitable death, as the result of such a wound?" The writer expresses his "profound admiration for the fidelity, devotion and assiduity displayed by the attending and consulting surgeons," but he carefully refrains from commending their judgment or ability. He conveys the idea that death ensued from the reaction of the incorrect diagnosis, and that this might have been avoided had the wound been properly "explored." He contends that there was no reason why a thorough exploration of the wound could not have been made within twenty-four hours after the shooting. As it was, the burrowing channel, which was mistaken for the track of the ball, was allowed to remain open, "a large amount of pus was thus formed, the patient unnecessarily weakened, and the danger of pyæmia immensely increased." Dr. Hammond also asserts that during the first ten hours after the shooting no serious attempt was made to arrest the hemorrhage, which caused alarming weakness, and that the patient's vital powers were further depressed by telling him that he had but one chance in a hundred to live. The blood-poisoning, he hints, came altogether from the pus in the wrongly supposed track of the ball.

It is fortunate that Dr. Hammond's views are not published unattended by those of other physicians who differ with him very materially. Otherwise they would create much more of a sensation than they do. The three writers who followed Dr. Hammond are not disposed to regard the taking of a correct diagnosis such a simple matter as he does. Dr. Ashhurst, Jr., writes: "Nor indeed would it have been possible, I think, to find the ball by any means known to surgery; the autopsy showed that in traversing the fractured rib, the bullet had, as it were, turned a corner, and was lodged in a position where it certainly would never have been looked for." Dr. Ashhurst concludes by saying: "Looking at the whole case from beginning to end, I do not see that the treatment could have been altered in any way to the advantage of the illustrious patient; nothing was done that should have been omitted, and, nothing was left undone that could possibly have been of benefit." He finds no evidence that the president suffered from technical pyæmia, and states that the immediate cause of death was found to have been secondary hemorrhage from the splenic artery wounded directly by the ball, the wound being stopped in the first instance by a clot. Dr. Hammond states that the splenic artery was either ruptured by pyæmia or by injection after death. It is not clear from Dr. Ashhurst's paper just what the president did die of. It seems to have been from weakness resulting from loss of blood, want of power to retain and assimilate nourishment, and consequent depression, and the final bursting of the splenic artery.

Dr. J. Marion Sims states emphatically that President Garfield died of blood-poisoning, whether called pyæmia or septicæmia, superinduced by the compound comminuted fracture of the two vertebræ hit by the ball, and that "he had not the least chance of recovery under any circumstances or any treatment." He says further: "Without the wound of the vertebræ, it would have been impossible for him to die." With respect to the rupture of the splenic artery Dr. Sims agrees with Dr. Hammond rather than Dr. Ashhurst. He does not blame the attending and consulting surgeons for their incorrect diagnosis, and says that they did all that men could do in the present state of medical science.

Dr. John T. Hodgen, of St. Louis, in reviewing the history of the case, "can find no reason for adverse criticism of any part of the management." He thinks that the "thorough exploration," which Dr. Hammond asserts ought to have been made, would have been dangerous and unwise. He regards the wound as necessarily fatal, and says: "The wound of the splenic artery, the evidence of which was presented at the post-mortem examination—in a false aneurism—is sufficient to account for the prolonged collapse which came so near to terminating the life of the president within twelve hours from the receipt of the injury. To my mind the escape from death within six hours after such extensive injuries in a locality so crowded with vital parts, is simply incomprehensible, and I feel quite sure that one less vigorous than President Garfield must have died from the shock." From this he proceeds to say: "That the president did not die quickly from the wounding of the splenic artery, can only be explained by the influence which the nervous shock had in almost suspending the heart's action, and thus inducing a very tardy flow of the blood through the vessels, permitting the formation of a sufficiently firm clot to check the flow. This clot became the site of an aneurismal sac, with well defined laminated walls, which effectually prevented a recurrence of the hemorrhage until the general lowering of the vitality favored the disintegration which finally softened and permitted a rupture of the sac, leading to a final hemorrhage which terminated the life of the president." He concludes thus: "Any probing beyond the inner surface of the ribs I believe was of no value. It was never possible at any time prior to the post-mortem examination to have known of the existence of the sac or pus revealed at the examination, or to have known the existence of an aneurism of the splenic artery. Possibly a careful examination by auscultation might have indicated the existence of an aneurism, but the artery on which it was situated could not be known, or its relations determined. Had the site of the ball been known, it could not have been removed. Had the site, character and relation of the aneurism been known, the vessel could not have been ligated. Had the presence of the pus cavity been recognized, it could not have been evacuated without hastening the fatal termination. Finally, if the pus cavity had disappeared harmlessly, if the aneurism had been spontaneously cured, if the ball had remained encysted, the injury of the spine, with the carious conditions of the bones, and the ulcerating intervertebral cartilages, must have left the president a deformed invalid."

The weight of professional opinion in the *Review* is strongly against Dr. Hammond's theory that the incorrect diagnosis might have been prevented. The fact that there was been room for discussion with respect to this very important point, and that it has been entered into, promises a large amount of medical testimony during the trial of Guiteau.

BLAINE AND POLITICS.

Remarks on the Political Outlook as Seen from Washington.

[Cleveland Leader in the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The intolerant forces long led by Conkling are apparently indifferent to the fate of the republican party. The present cabinet is in love with Blaine. That remarkable man, not so much by his magnetism, as by his ceaseless kindness in little things and apparent spontaneous attentions, and strength and nicety of statement and understanding, has become the survivor of Garfield in a very great degree with the common people. There are two elements opposed to him, however, and have been from the beginning: First, the Conkling element, which drew against him the hostility of the Grant administration. Gen. Grant believed that Blaine has spoken slighting things of him, and was dispensing tales to his discredit in the fresh days of his inhabitancy of the White House. Thus Grant, the great military idol of the country, is in apparently lifelong hostility to Blaine, the chief political idol of his party. It used to be said, "Anything to beat Grant;" now it is getting to be said, "Anything to beat Blaine." Not only the ultra stalwarts are against Blaine, but the ultra reformers. The latter take the position that a man can never be vindicated after having suffered any blemish to his virtue. They make no concession to the advancing years of Blaine, his upright family life, his independence of temptations now. They only say they do not trust him or his character; that he is a bigger politician than Conkling, and therefore, to be fought quite as much as Conkling. This element has a large juvenile following in the important state of New York. In Pennsylvania, on the contrary, the juvenile elements opposed to the Cameron ring are warmly for Blaine. Throughout the western country Blaine is more popular than Grant. In New England he is about half a favorite. The Boston aristocracy made a precipitate issue with him, and then never forgave him for answering them in kind. Yet it looks probable that Blaine, even if they keep him out of the Presidency, will stand in future times as the most wonderful politician of the age of the war. With a very little assistance from executive patronage at Washington, he has been formidable, versatile, even growing in mind and address, and wherever he has been called from point to point has made the masses of fellow-men proud of his bearing. No instance of treachery is on record against him in politics. A man who has been his friend, even if borne down by popular hate Blaine will try and stand up to, as in the case of William E. Chandler. While painstaking to do a service, he has never been a mere votegetter. The weakness of his public character has probably been the want of some inner light something between conscience and statesmanship, which would direct his policy. The gift of silence he does not possess in a high degree. The two republican presidents of the world today are Grevy, a heavy, silent man, and Arthur, a genial, but not an intellectual man. Neither deals at first-hand with great questions. Blaine has the quickest executive eye of any of our politicians. Put him into any position and he will see the immediate relations with the cleverness of a journalist. As Garfield was the great schoolmaster of our age, Blaine is the great journalist. He edits our "Times" wherever he happens to be, standing on his feet, either as congressman, speaker, senator or cabinet officer. The editor, in his continental capacity, is now generally a moralist. He deals with a world which will do its murders treasons, robberies, and jobs. Blaine sits as at the centre of telegraphic communication with the globe, receives the things without any moral spasms, comes to an instant decision about it, and imparts to the setting of it the glow of a strong human nature, both aggressive and reciprocal. As an editor is always bested by critics, however wide his circulations, so Blaine suffers with his class. No enemies, however, can rub out the fact that for a period of thirteen years he has been the most brilliant American, though always in stations of usefulness.

Looking for analogies to him, we stop some time to place him between Charles James Fox and Henry Clay. He has had no such enormous rally as Grant, around whom Conkling has clutched his innumerable office-holders like ivy around some military tower.

Blaine has struck for the heart of the population like a native Democrat, and has been able to divide a large part of it with Grant, but not enough to give him the presidency.

During the catastrophe of Garfield's death Blaine has shown the same journalistic observation and sound, daily judgment I have mentioned, until he has become the great remainder of Garfield, and has chosen to retire from politics for the present, to still higher sink his name with the memory of his loving friend.

It may be possible for President Arthur to intimidate that ultra stalwart element to which he belongs so far as to unite in himself the partisans of both Grant and Blaine, but I do not see how it is probable. It is the general testimony that Arthur has not had the least trouble to agree with Mr. Blaine—to find him genial in council, faithful during his remaining services, and with apparently no reservations between them.

We are yet to see what kind of a man President Arthur is, and whether he possesses any of the forces of a national politician. He may go on through [illegible] administration as he is at present—modest, [illegible] courteous, and only half revealed to [illegible] there does not appear in sight any new personality to compare with the [illegible]ton, two of whom were so much at variance with the other.

THE MAN WHO WROTE "DIXIE."

The Author of that Popular Song Tells the Story of its Origin.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

Dan Emmett, the minstrel, is the author of the song beginning, "Way down south in the land o' cotton," and known as "Dixie." He says: "One Saturday night in 1859, while I was a member of Bryan's Minstrels, in Mechanics' hall, Broadway, New York, Dan Bryant came to me and said: 'Dan, can't you get us up a walk-around for next week that we can do with one rehearsal, for we will have to put it on Monday night?'

"At the time all minstrel shows used to end with a 'walk-around,' and I used write all the Bryant's, selling them, besides, to whatever minstrel band that would buy them. I thought the matter over a moment, and said that I would try. Sunday morning after breakfast I went to work. It was slow progress at first, but after a while I struck two bars that suited me, and any composer will tell you that, with two bars to start with, you can soon find the legitimate remainder of a tune. By the afternoon I had the words for it. I called it, 'I Wish I was in Dixie,' which was a northern circus expression, and not a southern one, as many have supposed.

"I had traveled a great many years with circuses in my younger days, and the south was considered all that part on of the country below Mason and Dixon's line, called, for short, 'Dixie' by showmen. In the early fall of the year, when a frost would sometimes overtake a southern-bound circus still in the north, the boys would think of the genial warmth of the section they were headed for, and many's the time on such an occasion I have heard them say, 'Well, I wish I was in Dixie's land now.' It was this that gave me the 'catch line' to my song. Monday morning took it to rehearsal, and you never heard anything go better than it did. All the boys were tickled to death with it, and Dan Bryant, in order to make sure that it should go properly at night, called another rehearsal of it that afternoon. Mechanics' hall was a gold mine in those days, and the house was packed that night. 'I Wish I was in Dixie' caught on like wild fire, and that night half the audience went home whistling the refrain. As soon as I saw it was popular I sent manuscript copies of it to Bill Newcomb, to Buckley's Serenaders and several other minstrel troops, who paid me $5 apiece for the privilege of using it."

"You don't mean to tell me Mr. Emmett," said I, "that you sold the privilege of using 'Dixie' to companies for a paltry $5, do you?"

"Well, I do," he replied. "I was glad to get it, too. In those days you couldn't get the money you can now for a thing of that kind."

"You made a great deal of money, though," I queried, "through your royalty on its publication?"

"No, not more than $750 or $800 all told. It was not published for nearly a year after it had been written, and then by a music dealer named Werling, of New Orleans. He heard it while Newcomb's Minstrels were performing south, and wrote to me in Chicago offering $5 for the copyright of the music. Meanwhile I had made arrangements with Pond, in New York, to publish it, and I wrote and told Werling so. He had, however published it without waiting for my letter, calling it 'Dixie Land,' and with southern patriotic words, ascribing its authorship to Mr. Peters. He harmonized the music, and did it. I must say, very well. A dozen other music publishers throughout the country followed suit, and I was in a fair way of being robbed of the credit of writing it, when a convention of music publishers was held at the Fifth avenue hotel in New York. Pond brought the matter up before the meeting, and I was compelled to prove my authorship. This I did so completely that music dealers who had published the song promised to recognize my right to it by discontinuing further publication, and by sending their stereotype plates of the music to Pond. They did so, but I am afraid that those printed all the copies they thought they could possibly sell for five years before doing so. Pond anticipated an immense sale of the song, and printed several hundred thousand copies of it—enough of them to fill a big room.

"Shortly after the war broke out the south made a national air of Dixie, and it was consequently tabooed north, so much so that for a time I was almost afraid to acknowledge that I was the author of it.

"Pond was terribly stuck on that song during the war, and, despairing of disposing of the great quantities of it on his hands, sold thousands of copies of it for wrapping paper and to the junk dealers of New York."

"When did the air become popular again in the north?" said I.

"Well, just after the surrender at Appomattox. Old Abe asked a band to play it in Washington, saying, 'If we have captured Lee, the rebel commander, we have captured Dixie, the rebel tune as well.' It was not, however, for some time afterward that it became popular again. By the way, it may not be generally remembered, but then it is a fact, that the republicans put words of their own to the tune in praise of Lincoln, and sang it all over the north during Old Abe's first candidacy, and it helped materially in electing him."

Mr. Emmett informed me that with the money he had obtained from Dixie he had bought a little property in Chicago, and had settled down there, but that he was burned out by the big fire, losing all his savings. He is a native of Norwalk, Ohio, (another Ohio man), and made his first appearance as a performer in his native town.

PICKINGS AND STEALINGS.

America is a country where a man's statement is not worth two cents unless backed up with an offer to bet you $10.—Cynical Englishman.

"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose, I don't have nothing to pay with?" "Then don't go."—London Times.

The planet Saturn is now in opposition to the sun. But the sun will probably survive in spite of the opposition of Saturn and all his rings.—Lowell Courier.

Unhappy thought. Tommy—"I mean to be an astronomer when I grow up!" Effie—"What on earth will you do with yourself all day long?"—London Punch.

The late William Penn once observed: "Excess in apparel is a costly folly." And yet William wore a hat with an excess of brim that was a sheer waste of material.

The Philadelphia *American* says "slang is the destroyer of conversation." You bet it is, and the American people should sit down on it with emphasis.—Norristown Herald.

A western paper contains an account of a young lady "charming a rat." But that's nothing. We have known a young lady to charm a democrat.—Norristown Herald.

Not much of a headful: "Know thyself" may be an excellent sort of a proverb, but some people wouldn't know much if they obeyed it implicitly.—Steubenville Herald.

A cold weather conundrum: "Will the coming man shut the door behind him?" is the latest inquiry. It is to be hoped that he will, for the going man seldom does.—Somerville Journal.

What is that I see? That, my child, is a News interviewer, and he is now interviewing a man. But where is the man? I can see no man, I'm man, my child, is in his mind.—Denver Tribune Primer.

A New York amusement-goer objects to paying $10 to hear Patti singing "Comin' thro' the Rye." We suspect he would rather invest the $10 in such a manner that the Rye won't go through him.—Norristown Herald.

No danger of confederate bonds running short. They can be engraved and printed for about a cent apiece, and several men have gone into it for a living. Bring on your market and the bonds will be there.—Detroit Free Press.

All the particulars: "Colonel," said a man who wanted to make out a genealogical tree, "Colonel, how can I become thoroughly acquainted with my family history?" "Simply by running for congress," answered the Colonel."—Anon.

One of the best unintended satires on a good many invitations to fashionable weddings is the copy of an invitation published by an exchange, which reads as follows: "Mr. and Mrs. —— respectfully request your presents at the marriage of their daughter," etc.—New York Mail.

I heard a good story the other day of Jay Gould, the American railway king. A London broker went over to New York and solicited an interview with him. The broker explained to him what vast operations might be made on the London stock exchange, and suggested that he do business for him. Gould reflected, and then said: "What you say is no doubt true; I see only one objection; I never speculate."—London Truth.

HANGMAN'S DAY.

Friday of all the days has always been considered the unluckiest of days. Many good, sober-minded, sensible people undertake a new piece of superstition in their natures, are yet timid to begin anything or undertake a new venture on Friday. It is not lungthy been called hangman's day, and were one curious they might learn by investigation that nine-tenths of the capital criminals were addressed by the court: "And the sentence of the court is that you be taken to the jail, etc., and on Friday, etc., you be hanged by your neck until dead." Take the first nine men you meet on the street and you'll find that every one of them has been raised from howling infancy with that idea firmly pegged down in his moral gizzard.

Its all a stupendous mistake, though—a glaring deflection from the established order of events. Humanity with all its wisdom has but one way to judge what the future will be—that is, by what the past has been. History repeats itself, and there is nothing new under the sun. Read, then, superstitious crawfords on the whirling ball, what history, which is the past, loomed up before your mollusk sight for future guidance and the eradication of one of earth's household gods. Friday, August 1, 1492, Columbus started in his scow, for green fields and pastures new. Friday, October 12, three hundred and eighty-nine years ago, the first discovered land, and on Friday, January 4, 1493, he started back to Spain, which place he would never have reached had Friday been an unlucky day. This country would have remained steeped in the oblivion of its unknownness and the tenderness which encircles the free individuality of the average American citizen would have wasted its sweetness on the desert air. On Friday he reached Palos, on Friday arrived at Hispaniola on his second voyage, and on Friday he discovered America, although he was too much of a tenderfoot to know that he had struck it.

The first American state paper in England, John Cabot's commission from Henry VII, which led to the discovery of North America, was given on Friday, March 5th, 1496. St. Augustine, the oldest town in the United States, was founded on Friday. The pilgrims landed on Friday.

On Friday Washington was born, Bunker Hill was seized, Arnold's treason was discovered, which saved the country—Yorktown surrendered, and on Friday, July 7, 1776, John Adams, in congress, moved "that the United States colonies were, and of right ought to be, free and independent."

Hundreds of like notable epochs in the history of the world might be given, but these few show conclusively that in those progressive days people, when looking before and seeing things which are behind, should lay the superstitions Friday gently to rest and lay hold of some other day less fruitful of good works.

When the authorised version of the New Testament first appeared, the Bishop of Gloucester, Dr. Ellicot, stated that the alterations numbered three to every five verses in the Gospels and Acts; or, in figures, 2,259. A correspondent of the London *Guardian* writes that the total number of changes in that portion of the New Testament mentioned, aggregates not less than 14,601, and for the whole volume 36,191.

THE STEEL POOL.

How Protection is Managed for Monopoly and Robbery.

[Chicago Tribune.]

One of the inquiries before the Morey Tariff" convention was "on Bessemer steel rail"—inquiring why they should be protected so much, as their process of manufacture is covered by a patent." The nearest answer to this important inquiry was made by Mr. Blair of Blairstown, N. J., who represented the Lackawanna Iron and Steel Rail Company. He said:

The Bessemer manufacturers had *combined to limit* the number of tons of the manufactured article and by so doing it was able to compete with the foreigners, and this was the only way in which they could compete. They were this year turning out 1,000,000 tons of rails for $60,000,000, which is much cheaper than could be done if they were not protected as they were.

These are most extraordinary assertions. It is inexplicable to the ordinary human understanding that a pool combination to limit the production of steel rails should be formed for the purpose of enabling it to compete with foreigners! Is it not a fact that the purpose is to prevent competition with each other? The price fixed by the steel pool is the *maximum* at that the $28 duty and the $5 of freight and the other expenses added to the foreign price of steel will enable the pool to charge American purchasers, which is $60 per ton at present. Were it not for the combination of the steel mills to limit production they would compete with each other for orders, and so the price of rails would speedily fall to $50 or $45 per ton, and still yield a good profit, and at the same time render it possible for any foreign steel to enter our market.

Mr. Blair says the pool combination is now turning out a million of tons a year of steel rails for sixty millions of dollars, "which is much cheaper than could be done if they were not protected as they were." This is another inexplicable assertion. Suppose the duty was $18 per ton instead of $28. The pool would use ling steel rails for $50 per ton, or $10 less than they are. Is $50 a ton much cheaper than $60 per ton? That is what Mr. Blair in effect asserted.

On each ton of the million tons of output the pool of Bessemer manufacturers levy $28 of protection on the railroads, or an aggregate of *twenty-eight millions of dollars*. The cost of English rails (of a better quality than the American) laid down at any of our Atlantic ports is about $30 per ton. Somethings like 140,000 tons of English steel have been purchased this year by our railroads at rather less than this price, partly because it lasts longer and wears better than the steel made by Blair's protected pool, and partly because the pool combination limited their product and would not fill the orders in time.

The Americans and English make steel by the same process, under the Bessemer patent. The American manufacturer has the advantage of his foreign rival of several dollars a ton in transportation, also in cheaper ore and coal in many places, and cheaper bread and meat for the workmen, and yet he demands 100 per cent protection, in fact 125 per cent., as the price of steel in England is only $25 per ton, while the duty thereon is $28 in addition to the cost of freight and other charges. Under the Bessemer patent method of making steel rails the chief expense is in pig, as molten pig metal is converted into steel at small expense by the patent process.

Were it not for the pool combination of the steel mills they would compete with each other for orders, and this competition would speedily reduce the price of rails to something fair and decent, regardless of the enormous protection which the business enjoys. But the production is limited by the pool, and an increase of new mills is guarded against by competition. The scheme of the pool is to make the rails cost:

1. The price of the English rails	$25
2. The duty per ton	28
3. Cost of transportation, ocean and inland, say	5
4. Commissions, wharfage, etc	2
The pool price per ton	$60

When the demand for rails slacks up the pool combination shut down a part of the mills, continue to charge the full price for "protection" enables them to exact from the railroads, and out of the immense profits pay the idle mills their pro-rata proportion of the whole plunder. Mr. Blair's explanation can hardly be called satisfactory to the American public who suffer by the operations of his pool combinations.

All the world can have steel rails laid down in their ports at an average of $28 to $30 per ton except the United States. American capitalists are building rail roads all through Mexico with steel rails which cost, delivered in that country, only $30 per ton. American capitalists and contractors are building the great Canadian Pacific road, 3000 miles long, with steel rails laid down at the head of Lake Superior for $31 per ton. In the United States the average price at the pool mills is $60 per ton, just double what all the rest of mankind are called upon to pay. This price is successfully demanded because the tariff levies a duty of $28 per ton on imported steel rails. These rails could be produced and sold in this country at $40 per ton and furnish a fair profit to the manufacturers. But these steel mill kings limit their production by closing up a part of the mills and paying out of their immense profits for standing idle. Grinnell wanted this strange procedure explained, but it was not explained.

A TIMELY TOPIC.

British State Assassins and the Defense of Insanity—Calling Up Some Curious Cases.

[From the Globe-Democrat.]

There is a paper on "British State Assassins and the Defense of Insanity" in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly* which possesses a timely interest. The treatment of the different criminals of this description in England was far from being consistent, and is no of any particular value by way of precedent. Most of them were defended on the charge of insanity, and the plea was generally successful. In the year 1800, George III. was shot at and missed while in his box at the theatre by Joan Hadfield, a soldier who had done faithful service in the French wars. He explained the motive for the act to be the desire to terminate his own life. He did not intend to hit the king, but knew that he not would be sufficient for his purpose. There was some evidence to show that he was insane, and he was acquitted by the jury without leaving the box. It is noticeable, however, that he was sent to Bedlam "during his Majesty's pleasure," which is the English term for life imprisonment.

The next British State assassin was John Bellingham, who eleven years later killed Mr. Spencer Perceval, then Prime Minister. Bellingham's grievance was something like that of Guiteau. He had alleged claims on the government for services rendered, in Russia, and after repeated failures to secure the attention of the administration, revenged himself as described. He exhibited the utmost calmness throughout his trial, and explained his motive by saying, "My name is Bellingham; it is a private injury; I know what I have done. It was a denial of justice on the part of the government." And again: "They ordered me to go and do my worst, and now I have done my worst and I rejoice in the deed." There were many things that went to show that Bellingham was of unsound mind, but he was tried, convicted and executed within a week. This summary action was severely criticised afterwards by prominent lawyers.

The next case was that of Edward Oxford, who fired two pistols at Queen Victoria in 1840, missing her both times. There was some doubts about his sanity, but he does not seem to have been any more insane than Bellingham certainly. He was acquitted, but, like Hadfield, sent to the asylum at Bedlam, to remain "during her majesty's pleasure." Two years after this, one John Francis shot at and missed the Queen. Insanity was not pleaded in his case, and he was sentenced to be hung, quartered, and his body disposed of as the Queen saw fit. At the Queen's wish the sentence was commuted to transportation for life. Another assault which did not amount to anything, occurred five weeks later, but it aroused parliament into passing a law to the effect that if any one should discharge or attempt to discharge, point or present, at or near the Queen, any firearm, or strike, or attempt to strike the Queen's person, he should be liable to seven years' transportation, or to be imprisoned three years, and during such imprisonment be whipped as the court directs, not exceeding thrice.

Whether on account of this law or not, no more attempts were made to harm the Queen for seven years. In 1849 she was shot at in her carriage by William Hamilton, an Irish brickmaker. He did not enter the plea of insanity but pleaded guilty and was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude. In 1843 Mr. Drummond, the private secretary of Sir Robert Peel, was shot and killed by Daniel McNaughten, who mistook him for Peel. There was nothing of a marked character to show that the murderer was insane, and it was proved that he had a deep-seated hatred for Peel. Sir Alexander Cockburn defended him, and said that he "did not put this case forward as one of total insanity, but as a case of [illegible]sion." The distinguished advocate succeeded in securing the acquittal of the prisoner, and he was sent to Bedlam "during her majesty's pleasure."

This acquittal aroused a storm of [illegible]tion, and it was agreed by the house of [illegible]ut some leading questions to the Judges, the answers to which should be [illegible]authority upon the defense of insanity in future cases. That part of those replies [illegible]he American public are now interested [illegible]icularly is as follows: "We are to [illegible] on that, notwithstanding the party complained of with a view, under the influence of insane delusion, of redressing some supposed grievance, or injury, or of producing some public benefit, he is nevertheless responsible according to the nature of the crime committed, if he knew at the time of committing such crime that he was acting contrary to law." This was since been repeated in the English law upon this class of cases. Guiteau is clearly within the [illegible] of the English law upon this class of cases. Guiteau is clearly within the [illegible] theory if it is decided to be American law he will have to fall back on the insanity dodge to save his life.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, [illegible]

THE OREGON [illegible]

Have Just Received, [illegible] direct from the Factories, the Largest Stock of

Carpets

Ever brought to this market, consisting of Velvet, Brussels, Ingrain, Extra Super Three-Ply, Tapestry, Brussels, Roquette and Axminster, which they offer at very low prices.

The Company also carry an immense stock of

Furniture

of their own make, which they are able to guarantee as being superior in finish and workmanship to any imported from California or the

Oregonian.

PORTLAND, DECEMBER 11, 1881.

TO-MORROW.

Yesterday is dead and past,
Its errands done, its goods bought or sold,
Its work, good or bad, finished or botched,
Its opportunities gone beyond recall.
Forgive it all, forget it all,
And begin anew with To-morrow!

Each night we burn the records of the day,
And at the sunrise a fresh page is given
Wherein to write our good or ill success.
Let us so live, that when the sun shall set
We may have nothing blotted or erased
Whereby to wish our yesterday back
To make it what it should have been.
Let us so live that each sun-down may find us
Brothers and friends, brothers and friends,
Each day draws nearer the great To-morrow,
The last To-morrow of all,
When the dear Master shall say to each,
Well done, forever and forever!

THE SELLING OF BOOKS.

Over the counter at Temple Bar.]

A man may be distinguished by
the books he buys
the books he borrows
the books he steals
the books he makes straight for the
the books he hastens to take
the books he wishes china can not turn
the books he begs to detain him. There are
the books by which he may be known.
the books a bookseller's shop he may not.
the books in a second hand shop.
the books more interesting than a
the books he has lent without any volition
the books of their own accord draw
the books poor he is, his shelves
the books and groan more deep-
the books However large his own
the books other man's library is
the books it is him for the strange
the books it may possess.

I am one of those lov-
them beyond all other
them because they are
To me they are as
a soul. It gives me
after many years of
book. To carry it
over the pages and
by enough to last
a time one does
contents; one enjoys
print. I believe it is
one is grateful
publisher; there is a
the very type has a
people's libra-
discoveries
original. Thus, I
maxim that, as is
average library. I
beyond the com-
are made to match
them are a coun-
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nature. I am tempted
the profession of
dress, and bearing,
single quarter of an
sell, within a dozen
over bought. The
certainly true.
one to describe
intelligible terms.
humiliated one to
and though it
of the monger
dreadful shamefac
to be found among
I love because it
with wealth—but
sections of library.
the great, the great,
perhaps, are two or
top to bottom
once belonged to a
deceased." Among
found in Russia,
There are editions
"standard" works
Alison, Paley,
Johnson),
adic ona divines,
Jeremy Taylor.
collection which
would have long since
a shilling the vol-
with leather backs
rows, and act as fur-
bones of the skele-
they were formerly
necessaries of the
the defunct scholar.
But the soul of his
dodecimos which he
old volumes which
illustrated thought,
have van-
This is the
books are
or read; the
which likes the
whose wa-
not go near
be made showing
collected together a
so perfect, so har-
he who made it
lovingly smitten
heart to beat
presently the
bonsent be-
thought, as good
who never failed
in holy wedlock
tired of each
it), we also
and fell all to
saddling
the right
reserve, is re-
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Jarvis
love as you
toward you
children?
new book
poor dead
that if a flimsy
persons who have had
or, else no family
volumes of the
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tially bonne intérim-
leaning toward too
are the books which
young ladies—ten,
ago, according to
titles vary, but the
same; they are books
immortal works
Sigourney, Sewell,
Hemans, the
over Scott, Tupper,
there is a row of
there are one or
day library can go
TO
and a very common
Railway Library. It
nothing else—
a railway journey.
paper bindings
they are treasured by
Elzevirs at the
among them, perhaps
humorists who
tastes, Marshall,
somehow seem to
will ride gener-
the railway-libra-
represent
however, oth-
should not be for-
library in
varying phase of
ding, or binding,
own, to a hollow
Burial Library, in
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pure
and pro-
Charles Lamb shut up
library
where the works are,
the young with
Milk-and-Water Li-
which are at least
were written by ladies

who wore a velvet band about their brows, were great on morals, and knew how to value their Christian privileges; the Baby Library, consisting of new books quite recently written and illustrated by wicked people with the object of making sweet little children self-conscious, morbid and conceited; the Theological Library, devoted entirely to controversial works now happily forgotten; the Fast Library, in which the works of "Ouida" are found complete, and a great many French novels in yellow present the appearance of having been welcomed more affectionately than tenderly; and, finally, the Good Library, in which one may sit among the best, the wisest, the most delightful, the wittiest, the tenderest men who have lived and written for our solace and instruction—happy heaven be their lot! And oh! dear me! how rare it is to find such a library!

The most remarkable feature of all these collections, except the last, is that you never find among them any new books at all, except a few two-shilling novels. Yet, if you talk with the people who own them, you find that, thanks to a circulating library, they have some kind of acquaintance, greater or less, with current literature. They are not without interest in new books and living writers. Such a book as Carlyle's "Reminiscences" stirs their curiosity, they like to know a man of literary distinction, they have some rudiments of literary culture—they do read books. For a truly remarkable thing has happened in this country, where more books are written, more published, and more read than in any other two countries put together; a large section of reading people *have left off buying books*; they do not think of buying them; they have lost the habit of buying them; it does not occur to them that they may be considered as things which may be bought. Everything else in the world that is delightful and precious and ardently to be desired, they know can only be had for money. Of such things they will, and do, buy as much as they can afford. But they do not desire to possess books, or to buy them. They read them and toss them away.

If we think of it, this is a very strange result of a love of reading. Those for whom books are written do not buy them. Were there not a very large number of people who read and ask for new books, and therefore make Smith and Mudie take a great many copies, the trades of author, publisher, printer, paper-maker, and binder would quickly fall into contempt by reason of poverty. Rags, you see, can not long continue respectable. One would like to know, if the libraries could be induced to publish statistics, how many subscribers they have upon their books out of all our thirty millions. That question may be taken to mean, how many of our population habitually read books? Next to this one would like to know what books are in most demand; but it is an inquiry which for the sake of certain reputations must be conducted with some delicacy. Further, one would like to ask what, if any, novels of the last season are asked for? whether there is any demand for modern poets, and, if so, for whom? and at what social level people cease to belong to a library? where, in fact, Mr. Mudie draws his line? Costers, for instance, certainly do not read new books; do fruiterers, bakers, butchers? Do the ordinary tradesmen? Where, in fact, begins that immense mass of people who never read books at all, have no book-shelves, and reverence none of the great names of poets and authors?

It is really an appalling thing to think of the people who have no books. Can we picture to ourselves a home without these gentle friends? Can we imagine a life dead to all the gracious influences of sweet thoughts sweetly spoken, of tender suggestions tenderly whispered, of holy dreams, glowing play of fancy, unexpected reminding of subtle analogies and unsuspected harmonies and those swift thoughts which pierce the heart like an arrow and fill us with a new sense of what we are and what we may be? Yet there are thousands and millions of thousands of homes where these influences never reach, where the whole of the world is hard, cruel fact unredeemed by hope or illusion, with the beauty of the world shut out and the grace of life destroyed. It is only by books that most men and women can lift themselves above the sordidness of life. No books! Yet for the greater part of humanity that is the common lot. We may, in fact, divide our fellow-creatures into two branches—those who read books and those who do not. Digger Indians, Somaulis, Vedahs, Andaman-Islanders, Lancashire wife-kickers, Irish landlord shooters, belong to those who do not. How few, also, be those who do!

I lately saw in some paper, and was not surprised to see it, that the result of a complete board-school course in general is that the boys and the girls who have been triumphantly examined in special subjects for the sake of the Grant go away without the least desire ever to read anything else for the rest of their lives. This seems a disappointing outcome of any system of education. With infinite pains and at great expense we put into a boy's hands the key to all the knowledge wherewith man hath attained, to all the knowledge wherewith he may hereafter attain, and to most of the delights of life—and he does not care to exercise that power! Perhaps it is not altogether the fault of the system. In every school one knows there is the boy who loves reading and the boy who does not. He is found as a matter of course in the board-school as much as at Rugby. And many most respectable men, it must be confessed, have got on in the world without any love for books, with no desire at all for knowledge, and with absolutely no feeling for the beauty and force of language. One such I knew in days by-gone, an excellent person who had read but one book in all his life; it was Macaulay's "Essays." Nor did he ever desire to read another book; that was enough for him. On a certain evening I persuaded him to come with me to a theatre, for the first time in his life. He sat out the performance with great politeness and patience; it did not touch him in the least, though the piece was very funny and very well acted. When he came away he said to me: "Yes; it was a pleasing exhibition, but I would rather have spent my evening over Macaulay's 'Essays.'" Another man I once knew who made one book last through a considerable part of his life, but this was perhaps more pretense, with craft and subtilty. Thus, for many years, if he was asked for an opinion, he invariably replied: "I have not yet had time to investigate the question. I am at present engaged upon Humboldt's 'Cosmos.'" The taste for reading, in fact, is born with one. We may even conceive of a man born with that taste, yet never taught to read. He would grow up melancholy, moody, ever conscious that something was absent which would have made an incomplete life harmonious and delightful. Fancy the prehistoric man born with such a taste, uncomfortable because something, he knew not what, was wanting; restless, dissatisfied, yearning after some unknown delight, sorrowful yet unable to explain his sorrow; taking no solid pleasure like his fellows in sucking his marrow-bones, crouching among the bones in the innermost recesses of the cave, regardless of his kitchen-middden. Happy, indeed, for that small section of prevously unsatisfied mankind when some one, after intolerable searchings of spirit, and with infinite travail, produced the first rude semblance of hieroglyph, Phœnician, cuneiform, or Hittite. As for the rest of mankind, they might have gone on to this day, as indeed they practically do, without an alphabet, and would never have missed it. So that, after all, we need not feel too much indignation over the failure of the school board.

A stranger thing, however, is, not that some men do not care about reading, but that those who do, the see who read much, who read daily, as the principal part of the day's relaxation, have left off desiring to buy books!

Can it be that even bookish boys are no longer taught to value books? That seems impossible, to begin with. A bookish boy is at first a curious and inquiring boy, who, at every stop of his progress, imbibes unconsciously the love of books. He first wants to know; he reads everything that tells him anything about the word and the nations of the world; the story of the stars and the wonders of the earth; the history of mankind and the growth of arts. As he reads he begins to understand the beauty of arrangement, and so, little by little, there grows up within him a new sense, namely, the sense of form, the fine feeling for a phrase, the music of words put together by the hand of a master. When once a man has understood so much, he is separated from his fellows as much as if hands had been laid upon him, as in a sense they have been. Language has become to him what it can never be to them—a wonderful organ upon which divine melodies may sometimes discourse upon which divine melodies may do so, he is content to listen; perhaps he is prepared; perhaps he may, with trembling fingers, essay to touch the charmed instrument. I can not think that such a boy won'd ever cease to love books.

It is the development of this other sense, the sense of style, which causes this love. It is its absence which makes people indifferent to the books themselves as well as to what they read. How can people be expected to buy that which they cannot appreciate? How many are there among educated people who are capable of appreciation?

For instance, millions of people read, quite complacently, works whose literary merits are so small that they are intolerable to any who have the least sense of style. Yet this defect does not affect their popularity. Some men write with the end of a broomstick, some with a gold pen, some with an etcher's needle. The broomstick man is, perhaps, the most popular. Then people read books just as they look at a picture, or go to the play, "for the story." That is all they care about. The story read they dismiss it from their thoughts. There was once a French dramatist, Alexander Hardy by name, who understood this so well that when he constructed a new play he contented himself with devising story, situation, and tableaux, leaving his actors to supply the words. Who cared about the words? Of course the heroine screamed, and the villain swore, and the funny man dropped the plates—all in the right place. What more did the people want? And what more, indeed, do they want now?

Overmuch reading and promiscuous reading are great hindrances to the formation of a critical habit. The critic does not gulp; he tastes, he discriminates between Hamburg sherry and the true wine of Xeres by the aid of a wine glass, not a tumbler. But the omnivorous reader is like unto one who takes his draught from a quart pot. Fancy a city dinner at which pea-soup, tripe and onions, fried fish, roast pork and stuffing, raw onions, and such viands were served up side by side with the most delicate preparations, the sole *a la maitre d'hotel*, the *cotelette*, the *vis de veau*, the *mayonnaise*; where thick, sugared stout was handed round with Johannisberg, Chateau Yquem, and Piper *ives see*; fancy the guests indiscriminately taking one after the other without discernment, enjoying one quite as much as the other, with a leaning in the direction of roast pork and stout—that, if you please, is a fair example of the intellectual man taken continually by the all-devouring reador. He reads everything; he reads whatever is set before him; he reads without consideration; he reads without criticism; all styles are alike to him; he is never greatly delighted and seldom offended.

Another, and perhaps a more powerful cause why books are not valued as possessions, is, without doubt, the great facility with which they may be borrowed. This brings upon them the kind of contempt which always attaches to a thing which is cheap. Such a thing, to begin with, must be bad; who can expect good wine, good cigars, good gloves, at a low price? What sort of books, one feels, are those which can be shoveled into the circulating libraries as fast as they are asked for? The ease with which a thirsty reader is supplied destroys the value of a book. Young people, especially, no longer feel the old sweet delight of buying a book and possessing it. Therefore, the preciousness of books is going out. I believe they will before long substitute for prize books, prize hats, prize foot-balls, prize rifles. Yet, asks Ruskin, "is not a book of mine worth at least a physician's fee?"

We do not sufficiently realize what is meant by this cheapness of literature. It means that the most delightful amusement, the chief recreation of the civilized world—the pursuit which raises the mind above the sordid conditions of life, gives ideas, unfolds possibilities, inspires noble thoughts, or presents pleasing images—is a thing which may be procured in sufficient quantity for a whole household for three, four, or five guineas a year—judiciously managed, and by arrangement with other families, for three guineas a year. Compare this with other amusements. One evening at the lyceum with the girls costs as much; a dinner at the club to one or two friends costs as much; sittings at church cost very little more. Three guineas will take one man to the seaside from Saturday to Monday, it will buy just one dozen of champagne; it will pay the butcher's bill for a fortnight; it will pay for one new coat or one new dress. From whatever point of view one looks at three guineas it is a trifling and evanescent sum—it is gone as soon as looked at; it is quickly eaten up, and the memory of the banquet almost as quickly departs with it; it is a day's pleasure, an evening's amusement; yet, administered in the way of a subscription, it represents nothing less than the recreation of a whole family for a twelve-month. What an investment!

What an investment, indeed! It causes books to rain upon the house like the manna of the desert; so that—alas!—it seems to the younger members as if they came spontaneously, and it prevents boys of the bookish kind from looking upon individual books with that passionate love which comes partly from the delight of reading and partly from the difficulties of acquisition. Who has not read with admiration and joy, how the lover of books has hovered day after day over a stall where lay a treasure which he can not buy until he has denied himself a few more dinners? Who has not sympathized with him when he marches home in triumph, bearing the book with him; though he is fain to tighten his waistband for hunger? All that is over, because any book may be had by any boy for the asking.

To sum up. Let us try at least to be just, if not generous. Few among us can buy all the books which we like to read, but let us recognize literature as so great an essential, such an absolute necessity for our comfort and happiness, that since it *must* be had it ought to be paid for, just as much as protection from rogues, as much as dress and food. Then come the questions, how much should we pay for it? and how? As for the latter, it is easy to answer; we *must buy the books which please us most*. As for the former, if the principle be conceded that it is the plain and clear duty of every one to buy such books as he can afford out of those which have given him pleasure, then the proportion to his expenditure must be settled by himself. But let us be practical: let us make a suggestion; let us estimate literature as a ratable thing. For my own part, I should be disposed to measure the amount by rental, which seems to rule everything. A lover of books would spontaneously tax himself a good fifteen shillings in the pound. The general reader will perhaps be startled at first at being called upon for five shillings. Yet I would not let him off for one farthing less. Five shillings in the pound is the lowest rate that can be levied for literature. In better times, when the public taste is cultivated, when a good book will not only be read but bought, when a good writer will be as greatly rewarded as a successful barrister, a physician of repute, or a bishop, the rate will of course be higher. But for the moment I think that authors will be satisfied with a simple five shillings.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

[Professor Bartlett.]

Riding by the foot of Hattin, over the place where, 700 years ago Saladin annihilated the crusader's power in Palestine, we at length reached a ridge where we looked out on the distant hills of Bashan, down far below us upon a dark blue pear or heart-shaped sheet of water, lying snugly in a deep inclosure of high brown hills. Though less than 13 miles long and seven miles broad, yet, measured by the events it has witnessed, it is a kind of Pacific ocean. It was the Sea of Galilee.

As we moved over the long way downward to its level—650 feet below the Mediterranean Sea—we had time to grasp and fix its whole aspect and surroundings. It lacks boldness of outline, for its hills slope gradually back from the shore, or leave a narrow plain, as at Gennesaret and Bethsaida. But the lights and shadows lie sweetly on the hillsides at night and morning; the northern end is broken into pleasant little bays, and Hermon looms grandly up beyond, far off, yet seemingly near. The whole aspect of the lake is one that suggests the thought and the lack of beautiful homes. It was still a long ride to the lake. The region we were passing, once brim full of life and activity, was utterly forsaken now. The entire lake lay spread before us, and nearly the whole of its coast line, along or near which once lay the cities of Tarichea, Tiberias, Hippo, Gamala, Gergesa, Bethsaida, Chorazin, Capernaum, Magadala and Beth Arbel. Of these cities, Tiberias once had its senate of 600; Gamala was able to resist and defeat Vespasian at the head of three legions, and when captured by Vespasian and Titus it lost 400 in the fight, and 5000 who buried themselves or were pushed down the precipices; while Tarichea, according to Josephus, was able at one time to furnish 16,500 for slaughter in a fight with the Romans, 1200 slain in cold blood in the stadium, 6000 captive youth to dig for Nero in the isthmus, and 30,000 to be sold into slavery. The only existing visible representatives of all this strength and activity were the little cluster of huts called Mejdel (Magadala) and the shrunken Tiberias, with its 2000 inhabitants. From our path not a vestige of the other places could be discerned. It was near sunset when we entered Tiberias. We followed the road through the gate, but could easily have passed through the ruins in the wall's. The now squalid city, mentioned but once in the New Testament, has been the chief home of Jewish learning since the destruction of Jerusalem. Here the Jerusalem Talmud was completed, and here is now what may be called the present theological school of the Jews.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler on Preaching.

The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, has been listening for several Sundays to his fellow-preachers in New York and Brooklyn while his own church is being repaired. He found the sensation caused by listening a strange one, and learned many things that he had never known before about the effect of a preacher's words. One thing that he observed was that each sermon was "mightily helped or hindered, made or marred," by its delivery. "The range and effect of the projectile," he writes to *The Congregationalist*, "depended very much on the power that sends it forth. A good thought, clumsily shaped or tamely uttered, seemed to fall lifeless from the lips; whereas, a more common thought, well rounded like a bullet and discharged with a percussion, penetrated every ear and heart. For example Dr. Taylor, during his excellent discourse, delivered a half dozen very simple and homely sentences that went through me like quicksilver. He put his whole soul behind them and sent them through mine. I noticed the same thing while listening to Mr. Spurgeon last summer, in London. Blood-earnestness was more than half the battle." It might have a good effect if other clergymen would take their places from time to time in the pews.

"Return, Ye Ransomed Sinners, Home."

One of the ludicrous incidents of the Congregational jubilee, which was held recently at Manchester, England, was the perplexity of the committee having charge of the collection of hymns when the jubilee hymn of Charles Wesley was proposed. It begins with the familiar line, "The year of jubilee has come," and would have been especially appropriate for the occasion had not the unfortunate line been found, "Return, ye ransomed sinners, home." It was thought that the American delegates might regard this reflection as uncalled for, and the hymn was given up. The joke was too good to keep, and when the omission was explained at the closing ceremony by Mr. Milne in his reply to the resolution of thanks to the people of Manchester, the words were received with roars of laughter."

Charles Kingsley on Prayer.

[A Letter just published in The Spectator.]

"You are a sanguine man, my dear sir, when you ask me to solve for you the riddle of existence, since those days of Job and Solomon, since the days of Socrates and Buddah; the especial riddle, too, of our time, with its increased knowledge of physical science. But what I seem to know, I will tell you.

Knowing and believing a great deal of the advanced physical science of Darwin's school, I still can say I do not believe in the existence of Law 'Laws of Nature,' 'Laws impressed,' or properties impressed on Matter, are to me, after careful analysis of their meaning, mere jargon. Nothing exists but Will. All physical laws and phenomena are but the manifestations of that Will,—one, orderly, utterly wise utterly benevolent. In Him, 'the Father,' I can trust, in spite of the horrible things I see, in spite of the fact that my own prayers are not answered. I believe that He makes all things work together for the good of the human race, and of me, among the rest, as long as I obey His will. I believe that He will answer my prayer not according to the letter, but according to the spirit of it; that if I desire good, I shall find good, though not the good which I long for. And 'Law' and 'Necessity' look upon as phantoms of my own imagination, always ready to reappear, but always certain, likewise, to vanish again, before one sound bow of careful logic or of practical life.

Yours very truly, C. KINGSLEY.

Eversley Rectory, Winchfield, Dec. 28, 1862.

Current Religious Opinion.

The advocates of a creedless religion are in the habit of telling a good deal against sectarianism and denominationalism. They inveigh incessantly against ordinances and observances, all forms of government and consider all statements of faith as inimical to the spread of the truth and the success of the gospel. One of the last and most ridiculous expressions of this senseless style of assault on formulated creeds is furnished in the suggestion, made by a lady in Ohio to Governor Foster, to build a national church in Washington as a memorial to our late president, in which "the simple gospel of our Lord, of love to God and love to man, should be preached and taught forever." The idea will no doubt strike many as a good one, though we have no confidence in its practicability. People who discard creeds are rarely inclined to do much for the support and spread of what they style "the simple gospel." Undenominational Christians are, very generally, not only indifferent to all organizations, but contentious over creeds. They deny more than they ever assert and, while denouncing bigotry and dogmatism, are the biggest of bigots and the most dogmatic of dogmatists. The simple truth is, they constitute an order of religious Nihilists.—The Baptist Weekly.

The religious aspect in France is at present full of the deepest interest to every thoughtful Christian. M. Gambetta, now practically at the head of affairs, is an avowed atheist and has openly declared that the first duty of the republic is to rescue its citizens from the "trammels of superstition," by which is meant any religious belief whatever. At an atheistic congress recently held in Paris, the advocates of free thought passed a resolution that parents ought to be prohibited by law from speaking of religion at home, even to their children. To their honor be it said, two Protestant ministers had the courage to attend and lift up their voices against some of their blasphemy, though their protest caused a great commotion. The congress closed with a banquet, at which a toast to "God-hating" was drank. A committee, under the presidency of R. W. McAll, is preparing for the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, whose coming, it is prayerfully hoped, may help to "give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—The Congregationalist.

We are satisfied that every denomination which wishes to draw the world into a real warm and hearty religious life must, for the present at least, do it by means of revival efforts. These efforts should be guarded from excitement and extravagance, but they must be made. The time may possibly come when other means may take the place of this. But the churches of to-day are ignorant of any such means. Revival work is distasteful to many of the most influential people among us, and undoubtedly it ought to be kept out of the Sabbath service as a general thing, so that it may not repel those who do not care for it. But it has its place.—The Watchman.

In the annual report of the president of a certain seaside association, one of the directors is spoken of as a "pillow in the church." We presume this to be a typographical error, but we know several brethren "who serve in that capacity." The church has become so accustomed to pillow its lazy head upon them, that their sudden removal would jeopardize the church's existence. Pillars of the right sort are good things in a church, but pillows may be dispensed with.—The Christian Advocate.

Brevity of the English Language.

It requires fewer and shorter words in English to express an idea than in French, and nearly a third less than in German. If English were phonetically spelled, the number of letters needed to express an idea or speech would not exceed one-half the number that are required in German. Take a few samples given by a London journal:

I was reminded of the subject the other day by noticing the directions for an electric bell in my room in a foreign hotel. They were printed in French, German and English—viz.:

"On est prie d pousser le bouton jusqu' au fond.

"Man ist gebeten den Knopf so viel als moglich zurucksudrucken.

"Please press the button to the bottom."

There are ten words each in the French and German to seven in the English. The number of letters is thirty-seven, fifty-two and thirty-one respectively. The note at the foot of the bill of fare was similarly interesting:

"Or remet la note chaque jour la control des voyageurs.

"Um Irrungen vermeiden, wird taglich die Rechnung Controlle vorgelegt.

"Bills are given daily to avoid errors."

Here again we have ten, eleven and seven words with forty-five, sixty-three and thirty-one letters respectively. Another common "notice" affords corroborating evidence of the preceding examples of superior terseness of our vernacular.

"On est prie de ne pas fumer.

"Es wird gebeten nicht zu rauchen.

"Please do not smoke."

Here we have seven and six words to four, with twenty-two, twenty-seven, and sixteen letters respectively.

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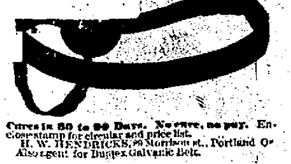

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Descriptions of library.
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Jeremy Taylor.
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Have long since
A shilling the vol-
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Cost, and set as lib-
Boxes of the sickly
They were formerly
Necessaries of the
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This is the
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Which like the
Whose wa-
Be made showing
Scattered together a
So perfect, so har-
He who made it
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who wore a velvet band about their brows, were great on morals, and knew how to value their Christian privileges; the Baby Library, consisting of new books quite recently written and illustrated by wicked people with the object of making sweet little children self-conscious, morbid and conceited; the Theological Library, devoted entirely to controversial works now happily forgotten; the Fast Library, in which the works of "Ouida" are found complete, and a great many French novels in yellow present the appearance of having been welcomed more affectionately than tenderly; and, finally, the Good Library, in which one may sit among the best, the wisest, the most delightful, the wittiest, the tenderest men who have lived and written for our solace and instruction—happy heaven be their lot! And oh! dear me! how rare it is to find such a library!

The most remarkable feature of all these collections, except the last, is that you never find among them any new books at all, except a few two-shilling novels. Yet, if you talk with the people who own them, you find that, thanks to a circulating library, they have some kind of acquaintance, greater or less, with current literature. They are not without interest in new books and living writers. Such a book as Carlyle's "Reminiscences" stirs their curiosity, they like to know a man of literary distinction, they have some rudiments of literary culture—they do read books. For a truly remarkable thing has happened in this country, where more books are written, more published, and more read than in any other two countries put together: a large section of reading people *have left off buying books*; they do not think of buying them; they have lost the habit of buying them; it does not occur to them that they may be considered as things which may be bought. Everything else in the world that is delightful and precious and ardently to be desired, they know can only be had for money. Of such things they will, and do, buy as much as they can afford. But they do not desire to possess books, or to buy them. They read them and toss them away.

If we think of it, this is a very strange result of a love of reading. Those for whom books are written do not buy them. Were there not a very large number of people who read and ask for new books, and therefore make Smith and Mudie take a great many copies, the trades of author, publisher, printer, paper-maker, and binder would quickly fall into contempt by reason of poverty. Rags, you see, can not long continue respectable. One would like to know, if the librarians could be induced to publish statistics, how many subscribers they have upon their books out of all our thirty millions. That question may be taken to mean, how many of our population habitually read books? Next to this one would like to know what books are in most demand; but it is an inquiry which for the sake of certain reputations must be conducted with some delicacy. Further, one would like to ask what, if any, novels of the last season are asked for? whether there is any demand for modern poets, and, if so, for whom? and at what social level people cease to belong to a library? where, in fact, Mr. Mudie draws his line? Costers, for instance, certainly do not read new books, do frutiserers, bakers, butchers? Do the ordinary tradesmen? Where, in fact, begins that immense mass of people who never read books at all, have no book-shelves, and reverence none of the great names of poets and authors?

It is really an appalling thing to think of the people who have no books. Can we picture to ourselves a home without these gentle friends? Can we imagine a life dead to all the gracious influences of sweet thoughts sweetly spoken, of tender suggestions tenderly whispered, of holy dreams, glowing play of fancy, unexpected reminding of subtle analogies and unsuspected harmonies and those swift thoughts which pierce the heart like an arrow and fill us with a new sense of what we are and what we may be? Yet there are thousands and tens of thousands of homes where these influences never reach, where the whole of the world is hard, cruel fact unredeemed by hope or illusion; with the beauty of the world shut out and the grace of life destroyed. It is only by books that most men and women can lift themselves above the sordidness of life. No books! Yet for the greater part of humanity that is the common lot. We may, in fact, divide our fellow-creatures into two branches—those who read books and those who do not. Digger Indians, Somauls, Veddahs, Andaman-Islanders, Lancashire wife-kickers, Irish landlord shooters, belong to those who do not. How few, alas, be those who do!

I lately saw in some paper, and was not surprised to see it, that the result of a complete board-school course is generally that the boys and the girls who have been triumphantly examined in special subjects for the sake of the Grant go away without the least desire ever to read anything else for the rest of their lives. This seems a disappointing outcome of any system of education. With infinite pains and at great expense we put into a boy's hand a key to all the knowledge wherewith man hath attained, to all the knowledge wherewith he may hereafter attain, and to most of the delights of life, and he does not care to exercise that power! Perhaps it is not altogether the fault of the system. In every school one knows there is the boy who loves reading and the boy who does not. He is found as a matter of course in the board-school as much as at Rugby. And many most respectable men, it must be confessed, have got on in the world without any love for books, with no desire at all for knowledge, and with absolutely no feeling for the beauty and force of language. One such I knew in days by-gone, an excellent person who had read but one book in all his life; it was Macaulay's "Essays." Nor did he ever desire to read another book; that was enough for him. On a certain evening I persuaded him to come with me to a theatre, for the first time in his life. He sat out the performance with great politeness and patience; it did not touch him in the least, though the piece was very funny and very well acted. When he came away he said to me: "Yes; it was a pleasing exhibition, but I would rather have spent my evening over Macaulay's 'Essays.'" Another man I once knew who made one book last through a considerable part of his life, but this was perhaps mere pretense, with craft and subtlety. Thus, for many years, if he was asked for an opinion, he invariably replied: "I have not yet had time to investigate the question. I am at present engaged upon Humboldt's 'Cosmos.'" The taste for reading, in fact, is born with one. We may even conceive of a man born with that taste, yet never taught to read. He would grow up melancholy, moody, ever conscious that something was absent which would have made an incomplete life harmonious and delightful. Fancy the prehistoric man born with such a taste, uncomforted by it because something, he knew not what, was wanting; restless, dissatisfied, yearning after some unknown delight, sorrowful, yet unable to explain his sorrow; taking no solid pleasure like his fellows in sucking his marrow-bones, crouching among the bones in the innermost recesses of the cave, regardless of his kitchen-midden. Happy, indeed, for that small section of previously unsatisfied mankind when some one, after intolerable searchings of spirit, and with infinite travail, produced the first rude semblance of hieroglyph, Phœnician, cuneiform, or Hittite. As for the rest of mankind, they might have gone on to this day, as indeed they practically do, without an alphabet, and would never have missed it. So that, after all, we need not feel too much indignation over the failure of the school board.

A stranger thing, however, is, not that some men do not care about reading, but that those who do care much, who read daily, as the principal part of the day's relaxation, have left off desiring to buy books!

Can it be that even books a boys are no longer taught to value books? That seems impossible, to begin with. A boo ish boy is at first a covetous and inquiring boy, who, at every stop of his progress, imbibes unconsciously the love of books. He first wants to know; he reads everything that tells him anything about the word and the nations of the world; the story of the stars and the wonders of the earth; the history of mankind and the growth of arts. As he reads he begins to understand the beauty of arrangement, and so, little by little, there grows up within him a new sense, namely, the sense of form, the fine feeling for a phrase, the music of words put together by the hand of a master. When once a man has understood so much, he is separated from his fellows as much as if hands had been laid upon him, as in a sense they have been. Language has become to him what it can never be to them—a wondrous organ upon which divine melodies may be played; perhaps he is content to listen; perhaps he may, with trembling fingers, essay to touch the charmed instrument. I can not think that such a boy would ever cease to love books.

It is the development of his other sense, the sense of style, which causes this love. It is its absence which makes people indifferent to the books themselves as well as to what they read. How can people be expected to buy that which they cannot appreciate? How many are there among educated people who are capable of appreciation?

For instance, millions of people read, quite complacently, works whose literary merits are so small that they are intolerable to any who have the least sense of style. Yet this defect does not affect their popularity. Some men write with the end of a broomstick, some with a gold pen, some with an etcher's needle. The broomstick man is, perhaps, the most popular. Then people read books just as they look at a picture, or go to the play, "for the story." That is all they care about. The story read they dismiss it from their thoughts. There was once a French dramatist, Alexander Hardy by name, who understood this so well that when he constructed a new play he contented himself with devising story, situation, and tableaux, leaving his actors to supply the words. Who cared about the words? Of course the heroine screamed, and the villain swore, and the funny man dropped the plates—all in the right place. What more did he people want? And what more, indeed, do they want now?

Overmuch reading and promiscuous reading are great hindrances to the formation of a critical habit. The critic does not gulp; he tastes, he discriminates between Hamburg sherry and the true wine of Xeres by the aid of a wine glass, not a tumbler. But the omnivorous reader is like unto one who takes his draught from a quart pot. Fancy a city dinner at which pea-soup, tripe and onions, fried fish, roast pork and stuffing, raw onions, and such viands were served up side by side with the most delicate preparations, the sole *a la maitre d'hotel*, the *cotelette*, the *ris de veau*, the *mayonnaise*; where thick, sugared stout was handed round with Johannisberg, Chateau Yquem, and Piper *tres sec*; fancy the guests indiscriminately taking one after the other without discernment, enjoying one quite as much as the other, with a leaning in the direction of roast pork and stout—that, if you please, is a fair example of the intellectual meal taken continually by the all-devouring reader. He reads everything; he reads whatever is set before him; he reads without consideration; he reads without criticism; all styles are alike to him; he is never greatly delighted, and seldom offended.

Another, and perhaps a more powerful cause why books are not valued as possessions, is, without doubt, the great facility with which they may be borrowed. This brings upon them the kind of contempt which always attaches to a thing which is cheap. Such a thing, to begin with, must be bad; who can expect good wine, good cigars, good gloves, at a low price? What sort of books, one feels, are those which can be shovelled into the circulating libraries as fast as they are asked for? The ease with which a thirsty reader is supplied destroys the value of a book. Young people, especially, no longer feel the old sweet delight of buying a book and possessing it. Therefore, the preciousness of books is going out. I believe they will before long substitute for prize books, prize hats, prize foot-balls, prize rifles. Yet, asks Ruskin, "is not a book of mine worth at least a physician's fee?"

We do not sufficiently realize what is meant by this cheapness of literature. It means that the most delightful amusement, the chief recreation of the civilized world—the pursuit which raises the mind above the sordid conditions of life, gives ideas, unfolds possibilities, inspires noble thoughts, or presents pleasing images—is a thing which may be procured in sufficient quantity for a whole household for three, four, or five guineas a year—judiciously managed, and by arrangement with other families, for three guineas a year. Compare this with other amusements. One evening at the Lyceum with the girls costs as much; a dinner at the club to ojie or two friends costs as much; sittings at eleven cost very little more. Three guineas will take one man to the seaside from Saturday to Monday; it will buy just one dozen of champagne; it will pay the butcher's bill for a fortnight; it will pay for one new coat or one new dress. From whatever point of view one looks at three guineas it is a trifling and evanescent sum—it is gone as soon as looked at; it is quickly eaten up, and the memory of the banquet almost as quickly departs with it; it is a day's pleasure, an evening's amusement; yet, administered in the way of subscription, it represents nothing less than the recreation of a whole family for a twelve-month. What an investment!

What an investment, indeed! It causes books to rain upon the house like the manna of the desert; so that—alas!—it seems to the younger members as if they came spontaneously, and it prevents boys of the bookish kind from looking upon individual books with that passionate love which comes partly from the delight of reading and partly from the difficulties of acquisition. Who has not read with admiration and joy, how the lover of books has hovered day after day over a stall where lay a treasure which he can not buy until he has denied himself a few more dinners? Who has not sympathized with him when he marches home in triumph, bearing the book with him; though he is fain to tighten his waistband for hunger? All that is over, because any book may be had by any boy for the asking.

To sum up. Let us try at least to be just, if not generous. Few among us can buy all the books which we like to read, but let us recognize literature as so great an essential, such an absolute necessity for our comfort and happiness, that since it *must* be had it ought to be paid for, just as much as protection from rogues, as much as dress and food. Then come the questions, how much should we pay for it? and how? As for the latter, it is easy to answer; we *must buy the books which please us most*. As for the former, if the principle be conceded that it is the plain and clear duty of every one to buy such books as he can afford out of those which have given him pleasure then the proportion to his expenditure must be settled by himself. But let us be practical; let us make a suggestion; let us estimate literature as a ratable thing. For my own part, I should be disposed to measure the amount by rental, which seems to rule everything. A lover of books would spontaneously tax himself a good fifteen shillings in the pound. The general reader will perhaps be startled at first at being called upon for five shillings. Yet I would not let him off for one farthing less. Five shillings in the pound is the lowest rate that can be levied for literature. In better times, when the public taste is cultivated, when a good book will not only be read but bought, when a good writer will be as greatly rewarded as a successful barrister, a physician of repute, or a bishop, the rate will of course be higher. But for the moment I think that an hour will be satisfied with a simple five shillings.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

[Professor Bartlett.]

Riding by the foot of Hattin, over the place where, 700 years ago Saladin annihilated the crusader's power in Palestine, we at length reached a ridge where we looked out on the distant hills of Bashan, down far below us upon a dark blue pear or heart-shaped sheet of water, lying snugly in a deep inclosure of big brown hills. Though less than 13 miles long and seven miles broad, yet, measured by the events it has witnessed, it is a kind of Pacific ocean. It was the Sea of Galilee.

As we moved over the long way downward to its level—650 feet below the Mediteranean Sea—we had time to grasp and fix its whole aspect and surroundings. It lacks boldness of outline, for its hills slope gradually back from the shore, or leave a narrow plain, as at Gennesaret and Buthia. But the lights and shadows lie sweetly on the hillsides at night and morning, the northern end is broken into pleasant little bays, and Hermon looms grandly up beyond, far off, yet seemingly near. The whole aspect of the lake is one that suggests the thought and the lack of beautiful homes. It was still a long ride to the lake. The region we were passing, once brim full of life and activity, was utterly forsaken now. The entire lake lay spread before us, and nearly the whole of its coast line, along or near which once lay the cities of Tarichea, Tiberias, Hippo, Gamala, Gergesa, Bethsaida, Chorazin, Capernaum, Magdala and Beth Arbel. Of those cities, Tiberias once had its senate of 600; Gamala was able to resist and defeat Vespasian at the head of three legions, and when captured by Vespasian and Titus it lost 400 in the fight, and 5000 who hurled themselves or were pushed down the precipices; while Tarichea, according to Josephus, was able at the time to furnish 16,500 for slaughter in a fight with the Romans, 1200 slain in cold blood in the stadium, 6000 captive youth to dig for Nero in the isthmus, and 30,000 to be sold into slavery. The only existing visible representatives of all this strength and activity were the little cluster of huts called Mejdel (Magadala) and the shrunken Tiberias, with its 2000 inhabitants. From our path not a vestige of the other places could be discerned. It was near sunset when we entered Tiberias. We followed the road through the gate, but could easily have passed through the rents in the walls. The now squalid city, mentioned but once in the New Testament, has been the chief home of Jewish learning since the destruction of Jerusalem. Here the Jerusalem Talmud was complated, and here is now what may be called the present theological school of the Jews.

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler on Preaching.

The Rev. Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, has been listening for several Sundays to his fellow-preachers in New York and Brooklyn while his own church is being repaired. He found the sensation caused by listening a strange one, and learned many things that he had never known before about the effect of a preacher's words. One thing that he observed was that each sermon was "mightily helped or hindered, made or marred," by its delivery. "The range and effect of the projectile," he writes to *The Congregationalist*, "depended very much on the power that sends it forth. A good thought, clumsily shaped or tamely uttered, seemed to fall lifeless from the lips; whereas, a more common thought, well rounded like a bullet and discharged with a percussion, penetrated every ear and heart. For example Dr. Taylor, during his excellent discourse, delivered a half dozen very simple and homely sentences that went through me like quicksilver. He put his whole soul behind them and sent them through mine. I noted the same thing while listening to Mr. Spurgeon last summer, in London. Blood-curdleness was more than half the battle." It might have a good effect if other clergymen would take their places from time to time in the pews.

"Return, Ye Ransomed Sinners, Home."

One of the ludicrous incidents of the Congregational jubilee, which was held recently at Manchester, England, was the perplexity of the committee having charge of the collection of hymns when the jubilee hymn of Charles Wesley was proposed. It begins with the familiar line, "The year of jubilee has come," and would have been especially appropriate for the occasion had not the unfortunate line been found, "Return, ye ransomed sinners, home." It was thought that the American delegates might regard this reflection as uncalled for, and the hymn was given up. The joke was too good to keep, and when the omission was explained at the closing ceremony by Mr. Milne in his reply to the resolution of thanks to the people of Manchester, his words were "received with roars of laughter."

Charles Kingsley on Prayer.

[A Letter just published in The Spectator.]

"You are a sanguine man, my dear sir, who ask me to solve for you the riddle of existence, since the days of Job and Solomon, since the days of Socrates and Buddah; the special riddle, too, of our time, with its increased knowledge of physical science. But what I seem to know, I will tell you.

Knowing and believing a great deal of the advanced physical science of Darwin'ism, I still can say I do not believe in the existence of Law 'Laws of Nature,' 'Laws impressed,' or properties impressed on Matter, are to me, jargon. Nothing exists but Will. All physical laws and phenomena are but the manifestations of that Will,—one, orderly, utterly wise, utterly benevolent. In Him, 'the Father,' I can trust, in spite of the horrible things I see, in spite of the fact that my own prayers are not answered. I believe that He makes all things work together for the good of the human race, and of me among the rest as long as I obey His will. I believe that He will answer my prayer, not according to the letter, but according to the spirit of it; that if I desire good, I shall find good, though not the good which I long for. And 'Law' and 'Necessity' I look upon as phantoms of my own imagination, always ready to reappear, but always certain, likewise, to vanish again, before one sound blow of careful logic or of practical life.

Yours, very truly, C. KINGSLEY.
Eversley Rectory, Winchfield, Dec. 23, 1862.

Current Religious Opinion.

The advocates of a creedless religion are in the habit of talking a good deal against sectarianism and denominationalism. They inveigh incessantly against ordinances and abjure all forms of government and consider all statements of faith as inimical to the spread of the truth and the success of the gospel. One of the last and most ridiculous expressions of this senseless style of assault on formulated creeds is furnished in the suggestion, made by a lady in Ohio to Governor Foster, to build a national church in Washington as a memorial to our late president, in which "the simple gospel of our Lord, of love to God and love to man, should be preached and taught forever." The idea will no doubt strike many as a good one, though we have no confidence in its practicability. People who discard creeds are rarely inclined to do much for the support and spread of what they style "the simple gospel." Undenominational Christians are, very generally, not only indifferent to all organizations, but contentious over creeds. They deny more than they ever assert and, while denouncing bigotry and dogmatism, are the biggest of bigots and the most dogmatic of dogmatists. The simple truth is, they constitute an order of religious Nihilists.—The Baptist Weekly.

The religious aspect in France is at present full of the deepest interest to every thoughtful Christian. M. Gambetta, now practically at the head of affairs, is an avowed atheist and has openly declared that the first duty of the republic is to free its citizens from the "trammels of superstition," by which is meant any religious belief whatever. At an atheistic congress recently held in Paris, the advocates of free thought passed a resolution that parents ought to be prohibited by law from speaking of religion at home, even to their children. To their honor be it said, two Protestant ministers had the courage to attend and lift up their voices against some of these blasphemy, though their protest caused a great commotion. The congress closed with a banquet, at which a toast to "God-hating" was drank. A committee, under the presidency of R. W. McAll, is preparing for the visit of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, whose coming, it is prayerfully hoped, may help to "give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—The Congregationalist.

We are satisfied that every denomination which wishes to draw the world into a real warm and hearty religious life must, for the present at least, do it by means of revival efforts. These efforts should be guarded from excitement and extravagance, but they must be made. The time may possibly come when other means may take the place of this. But the churches of to-day are ignorant of any such means. Revival work is distasteful to many of the most influential people among us, and undoubtedly it ought to be kept out of the Sabbath service as a general thing, so that it may not repel those who do not care for it. But it has its place.—The Watchman.

In the annual report of the president of a certain seaside association, one of the directors is spoken of as a "pillow in the church." We presume this to be a typographical error, but we know several brethern "who serve in that capacity." The church has become so accustomed to pillow its lazy heads upon them, that their sudden removal would jeopardize the church's existence. Pillars of the right sort are good things in a church, but pillows may be dispensed with.—The Christian Advocate.

Brevity of the English Language.

It requires fewer and shorter words in English to express an idea than in French, and nearly a third less than in German. If English were phonetically spelled, the number of letters needed to express an idea or speech would not exceed one-half the number that are required in German. Take a few samples given by a London journal:

I was reminded of the subject the other day by noticing the directions for an electric bell in my room in a foreign hotel. They were printed in French, German and English—viz.:

"On est prié d'pousser le bouton jusqu'au fond.

"Man ist gebeten den Knopf so viel als möglich zurückzustossen.

"Please press the button to the bottom."

There are ten words each in the French and German to seven in the English. The number of letters is 41-37-32, fifty-two and thirty-one respectively. The note at the foot of the bill of fare was similarly interesting:

"On remet la note chaque jour le control des voyageurs.

"Um Irrungen vermeidan, wird täglich die Rechnung zur controle vorgelegt.

"Bills are given daily to avoid errors."

Here again we have ten, eleven and seven words with forty-five, sixty-three and thirty-one letters respectively. Another common "notice" affords corroborating evidence of the preceding examples of superior terseness of our vernacular.

"On est prié de ne pas fumer.

"Es wird gebeten nicht zu rauchen.

"Please do not smoke."

Here we have seven and six words to four, with twenty-two, twenty-seven, and sixteen letters respectively.

DRY GOODS—CLOTHING.

WHEN
Fish & Roberts
THE LEADING HOUSE
IN
Clothing
AND
FURNISHING GOODS,
ADVERTISE
EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS!
EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS!
THEY MEAN IT!
The Firm Changes Jan. 1.
Prior to that Time they will make
UNUSUAL SACRIFICES
ON
All the Goods They Carry.
CALL AND EXAMINE.
Bargains in Men's Suits!
Bargains in Youths' Suits!
Bargains in Children's Suits
Bargains in Overcoats!
Bargains in Ulsters!
Bargains in Hats and Caps!
Bargains in Underwear!
Bargains in Trunks!
Bargains in Valises!
Bargains in Umbrellas!
Bargains in Canes!
Bargains in Cheap Goods
Bargains in Fine Goods!
AGENUINE CLEARANCE SALE
FISHER & ROBERTS,
S. W. Cor. First and Alder Sts.
PORTLAND, O.

JOHN CRAN & CO.
Have opened a Large Stock
OF
WARM UNDERWEAR
FOR
CHILDREN,
LADIES and
GENTLEMEN.
A NEW LOT OF
Cloaks
In Handsome Light Colors, Plush-Trimmed and Black Ditto.

THE MOST APPROPRIATE
HOLIDAY GIFT
Is one of Towne's
FINE PHOTOGRAPHS,
Either Plain or Colored.
LEAVE YOUR ORDERS EARLY
SAN FRANCISCO GALLERY,
COR. FIRST AND MORRISON.
PORTLAND, OR.

RICHEST DISPLAY
OF
[illegible]
EVER OFFERED IN PORTLAND
AT
J. K. GILL & CO'S.
Elegant Bronze Pieces,
Beautiful Ivory Goods,
French Albums, Toilet Cases, etc.,
Cut Glass Inkstands, Weights, etc.,
Glove and Handkerchief Boxes
GENUINE Russia Leather Goods,
Lakes and Gents' Dressing Cases,
Pearl and Ivory Card Cases,
Russia Diaries and Memorandums,
Cigar Cases, Perfume Cases, etc.
Special Advantages offered to DEALERS IN STATIONERY for the Holidays.
GILL & CO., 93 FIRST ST.

FINANCIAL.

MONEY TO LOAN
IN
WESTERN OREGON.
OREGON AND WASHINGTON
MORTGAGE SAVINGS BANK.
THIS BANK is prepared to receive applications for loans over IMPROVED FARMING LANDS in Western Oregon
AT
NINE PER CENT.
AND FOR
PERIODS OF TWO TO SIX YEARS,
COLLECTING
INTEREST YEARLY,
Or principal repaid upon the installment plan, within five to seven years, in the borrower's option.
WILLIAM REID, Managing Director,
nl6dlw1t 48 First Street, Portland.

HOLIDAY GIFTS!
HOLIDAY GIFTS!
GIVEN AWAY!
Free of Charge, by the Proprietors
OF THE
PEOPLE'S ONE-PRICE STORE
THE
Only Reliable and Square-Dealing House in the city.
178 FIRST ST.,
Between Morrison and Yamhill.
Since the opening of our establishment we have met with unprecedented success, and gladly attribute this to our endeavor to sell goods at the lowest possible rates. We have adopted this method of showing some appreciation of their kind patronage, by presenting our patrons and the public with the following
GIFTS:
No. 1—1 Triple-Plated Castor, 8 bottles.
No. 2—1 do. Fancy Butter Dish.
No. 3—1 do. Two Bottles Pickle Stands & Fork
No. 4—1 do. Water Pitcher with Goblet and Waiter.
No. 5—1 do. Cake Basket.
No. 6—1 do. Pickle Stand with Fork.
No. 7—1 do. Butter Dish.
No. 8—1 do. Caster, 4 bottles.
No. 9—1 pair Men's Gentlemen's Pants.
No. 10—1 Boys' Suit.
No. 11—1 doz. Fine Linen Pocket Handkfs.
No. 12—1 Best Gentleman's Hat.
No. 13—1 Extra Quality Silk Handkerchief.
No. 14—1 pair Gentlemen's Slippers, extra.
No. 15—1 Best Gentlemen's Dress Suit.
By calling at our store, 178 First street, you will have a chance of drawing one of these valuable Gifts. There is no humbug in this. Call and convince yourself, at the
PEOPLE'S ONE-PRICE STORE
178 FIRST ST.,
Between Morrison and Yamhill.

J. LEVIN & CO.
The Oregon Clothiers.
The Gifts are displayed in our show window.
d10dec08

MARKETS.
A. H. JOHNSON,
Central Market,
Wholesale Butcher and Packer.
Special attention paid to supplying ships.
Highest price paid for all kinds of fat stock.
J. S. KELLER,
Corner of Madison and First Sts.,
Is prepared to supply Fresh
Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal, &c.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

"SALEM BAKER'S EXTRA,"
AND
"FAMILY" FLOUR,
Manufactured expressly for Family, Bakery and Export Trade.
NONE GENUINE UNLESS BEARING THE WORDS known and celebrated brands of the
SALEM FLOURING MILLS CO., Salem, Or.
Do not allow your grocer to palm off an inferior article (bearing an imitation of the above brands, but see that you get the genuine Salem Flouring Mills Co's Flour).
Every Sack of which is Guaranteed.
WM. S. GIBSON, Agent,
nl5 N. E. Corner Front and Ash Sts., Portland, Or.

SALEM MILLS CO.
CAPITOL BAKERS EXTRA
FLOUR
MANUFACTURED AT
SALEM
OREGON.
The above is a fac simile of what appears on every sack of flour made by SALEM MILLS CO., which has no connection with the Salem Flouring Mills Co. This Company is the only one in Oregon which manufactures its Flour on the gradual reduction principle which is much superior to that made by the old process. Address letters and orders to
SALEM MILLS CO., Salem, or to
PORTLAND AGENCY, 89 Front St.,
WM. BUREAU, Agent.

OREGON & WASHINGTON BRANCH
NEW YORK
COMPANY
FIRE AND MARINE
Capital.....$
Which amount [illegible]
U. S. Bonds deposited with State Treasurer of Oregon.....
Letters of Credit, Bank of Britain, Australia, Portland, Or.
W. D. HOLMES,
MANAGER.
No. 7 First St., Portland.

IN SURANCE.
NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that after this date no rebate or commission will be allowed or paid, either directly or indirectly, upon any policy of fire insurance issued from our respective offices, and that the premium in the policy will be in all cases collected in full.
Portland, Or., Nov. 11, 1881.
HENRY C. HOYT,
Agent Hamburg Bremen Ins. Co.
PHILIP C. SCHUYLER,
Agent Liverpool, London and Globe Ins. Co.
BOWLSBY BROS.,
Agents Connecticut Fire Ins. Co. North British and Mercantile Ins. Co., German American Ins. Co., Scottish Union and National Ins. Co., London Fire Ins. Co.
DAWSON & HARVEY,
Agts Commercial Union Assurance Co.
W. S. CALDWELL,
Agt. Union Ins. Co.
OPPENDORFF & REUBNER,
Agts. Home and Phœnix Ins. Co
J. V. G. COFRAN,
Agt. Hartford Fire Ins. Co.,
CORBITT & MACLEAY,
Agts. Imperial, London, Northern and Queen Ins. Co.
HENRY HEWETT,
Agt. Royal, Norwich, Union and Lancashire, London and Lancashire, and the Firemen's Fund Ins. Co.

EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,
120 Broadway, New York.
FIRE INSURANCE PROFITS DEMONSTRATED BY ACTUAL SETTLEMENTS MADE IN 1880.
The Society is now paying maturing Tontine Policies which give following remarkable results:
POLICIES CARRIED TEN YEARS WITH THE RETURN OF ALL PREMIUMS PAID AND INTEREST THEREON.
1st Example: Policy No. [illegible], issued May 25, 1869. Amount.....$10,000 00
Total premiums paid (11 years).....3,541 50
Cash [illegible] offered to draw in cash, or $10,000 in paid-up policies, or $10,000 of assurance for eleven years without premiums paid, returnable in cash [illegible] premiums paid, returnable in cash.
The 2d example and those which follow [illegible]
LARGER PROFITS ARE PAID POLICY-HOLDERS THAN ARE NOW DECLARED BY ANY OTHER COMPANY.
3d Example: Policy No. 48,843, issued Dec. 30, 1870. Endowment 20 years. Tontine Period ten years.
Amount.....$10,000 00
Total premiums paid (10 years).....7,500 00
The assured on Dec. 30, 1880, will be entitled to draw in cash $9,083 80, 120 per cent of the premiums paid. These results, although predicted by carefully made estimates, are
NOT ESTIMATES, BUT ACTUAL CASH RETURNS
4th Example: Policy No. 41,621, issued March 27, 1869. Amount.....$5,000 00
Total premiums paid.....2,666 90
In case the assured withdrew, March 27, 1880, he would receive $7,312 45, being 115 per cent. of premiums paid.
Many policies will be thus paid in 1881, showing
RETURNS OF FROM 100 TO 120 PER CENT. OF THE PREMIUMS PAID.
A fund accurately invested of $40,000,000. Surplus, nearly $8,000,000. The Society's popularity is shown by the fact that for the past eleven years the total business of new policies issued has been greater than that of any other company in existence, thus making its average
ANNUAL NEW BUSINESS LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER COMPANY.
The Society pays death claims promptly and in full. Its policies are clear and concise, and with no unreasonable conditions.
EVERY POLICY BECOMES INCONTESTABLE AFTER THREE YEARS.
For additional Tontine examples, books, pamphlets, circulars and full information apply to
F. V. ANDREWS,
80 Second St., Portland, Or.
AGENT FOR OREGON & WASHINGTON TER'Y

DAWSON & HARVEY, J. McL. HARVEY
COMMERCIAL UNION
ASSURANCE COMPANY
OF LONDON.
CAPITAL.....$12,500,000
DAWSON & HARVEY,
General Agents for Oregon,
Office: No. 89 First St., New Market Building.

INSURANCE.
IMPERIAL, LONDON,
NORTHERN and QUEEN
Insurance Companies of London and Liverpool.
Assets in Oregon.....$300,000 00
Deposited with Insurance Com. Auditor General, Salem, Oregon.
Deposited with Board of Underwriters, San Francisco, California.
$41,696,923 00.
Joint Policy issued by the Four Companies will be 29 and 31 Front St., Portland, Or.
CORBITT & MACLEAY,
General Agents.
EDWARD HALL, Manager.

MARINE INSURANCE
The Thames and Mersey Marine Insurance Co.,
OF LIVERPOOL.
Capital.....$10,000,000
Assets over Capital.....2,500,000
Deposit in Oregon.....50,000
Risks accepted and POLICIES WRITTEN at
NO. 8 FRONT ST., PORTLAND, OR.
PHILIP C. SCHUYLER, Agent.

INCORPORATED 1803.
Home Mutual Insurance Co.
OF CALIFORNIA.
FIRE ONLY.
Losses Paid Since Organization, $1,334,633 44.
Losses Paid in Oregon in Six Years $162,363 29.
OREGON BRANCH OFFICE,
GEO. L. STORY, Manager,
Southeast cor. First and Stark Streets,
Opposite Ladd & Tilton's Bank,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

1864. HARTFORD 1881.
INSURANCE COMPANY.
Capital.....$1,250,000 00
Assets.....1,703,370 47
GEO. L. CHASE, President. C. B. WHITING, Secretary.
A. P. KLINE, Manager Pacific Department, San Francisco, Cal.
J. W. G. COFRAN,
Special Agent for Oregon and Washington Territory.
Office: 32 Stark St., Union Block, Portland.

UNION
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF SAN FRANCISCO.
FIRE AND MARINE.
Capital.....$750,000
Branch Office, for Oregon,
100 First Street, Portland, Oregon.
W. H. CALDWELL, Agent.

A. P. ROTALDE & CO.,
41 and 43 North First St., Portland,
IMPORTERS AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
FINE WINES AND LIQUORS.
Sole Agents for the
J. H. CUTTER OLD BOURBON WHISKY
And for
VAL. BLATZ MILWAUKEE BEER.

PORTLAND, OR.
BUTTERICK'S
Patterns—December Styles.
Send stamp for catalogue.
MRS. E. S. WASS, 61 Morrison St., Portland

Oliver Optic, Waverly Novels, Mrs. Holmes, Charles Dickens, Macaulay,
AT
CITY BOOK STORE,
HILL & BARR,
171 First St., near Yamhill.

[illegible] SKATES
[illegible] from 7:30 to 9:30.
[illegible] Admission free to all during the day.
[illegible] rates and bicycles are of the best and most approved patterns, manufactured.
Suitable rules are enforced and good order kept; so that [illegible] fashionable lady can rely upon being safe.
Beginners' evenings, Gentlemen will be charged 25c admission, for use of skates. This additional charge is made in order to favor good skaters

The Daily Or

SATURDAY MORNING, D

FINANCE AND COM

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 9.—St
London bankers, 60 days, $4 8
mercantile, $4 79.

Transfers—2@30.

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Sterling
bankers', long, $4 81; short, $4
cial, from 1@½c lower; docume

Silver bullion 1@0 fine $1 0[illegible]
U. S. Bonds—3½s, 103½; 4½s,
LONDON, Dec. 9.—Consols, 9
account.

Silver bullion, English stand
ounce, 6d.

U. S. bonds—3½s, 105¾; 4½s,
4 P. M.—Consols—99 5-16 mon

New York Stock Q

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Silver
ernments higher; stocks
Quicksilver, 18½; Pacific Mail, 7½;
Fargo, 114; N. Y. C., 138½;
106; Union Pacific, 119½; bond
bonds, 112½; Sutro, 1½.

Entered at the custom house t
ingsdora, Roberts master, 1110 t
Mexico, in ballast.

Cleared: Br bark, Woodhall, C
centals wheat for Queenstown.

NEW YORK FREIGHTS

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—The freig
fairly active, and leading ships
ing very well, although manufac
what behind in deliveries. On th
pect an unusual, as they desire to
off by the close of the year. Ra
and firm at last quotations. Ton
scarce. An early engagem
the David Crockett, which
to-day. Steamer freights
there is less of freight for us to
10th. The Mail company held a
which all he directors were pre
fee appointed by officers of ove
ported that they had offered to
company the China line of ste
freighting $1,500,000, provided the
panies would enter into an agr
the subsidy of $10,000 a month
committee recommended that in
the railroad companies to accep
that the president of the Pacific
rected to obtain passengers and
terms obtainable. The report w
recommendation adopted. It is
railroad companies have refus
proposition, and that the Pacific
instructed immediately to whatev
to utilize the full capacity of ste

Markets for the most part ru
Wheat—Market quiet; opened st
subsequently lost, together with
export demand was better, a
there was much activity.

Barley—Quiet.

Provisions—Dull and nomina

Rio Coffee—Is better demand

Refined Sugar—Quiet and ste

Hides—Quiet, and although s
are steady.

Wool—Market quiet; [illegible]

BOSTON, Dec. 9.—There has
for most kinds of wool, but
There is also considerable in
We would not be surprised if
will be before the close of th
week have been 2,200,000 pou
including XXX Ohio and Penns
Ohio, wit, 80,000 pounds choice
and Wisconsin fleece (have be
[illegible]

[illegible] 25@30c; and delaine fleeces
is more inquired for; coarse w
wanted. Combing and delaine
are in moderate demand at ste
Extreme prices are paid in s
some of the best XX and above
Foreign wool is firm, and the
sales of carpet at full pric

Liverpool Grain

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 9.—To-day'
last months California flour (
Quicksilver, 18s.; Pacific, 18s. 7½
Fargo, 18s.; N. Y. C., 138½; I
106; Union Pacific, 119½; bond
bonds, 112½; Sutro, 1½.

SAN FRANCISCO M

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 9.—Flour
Wheat, 25,000 ctls
ton, 200 ctls; potatoes, 3100 sa
Wheat—Market continues du
absence of improvement.
$1 [illegible] $1 [illegible] asked.
Barley—Market firm; quotat
cental feed at $1 45@1 47½.
Oats—Market quiet but firm
Potatoes—For some kinds t
sales of early rose, $1 35@1
cental; sweet sold to-day at
Onions—Quiet at $1 [illegible]
Butter—Fresh roll firm at fu
steady, easy; quotations the sa
Eggs—Fresh Oregon, sold at w
are from last given; [illegible]
Hops—Market very quiet,
over, chance, at 20@30c; good
fair at 15@16c; good to choice
Provisions—Market shows n
tone firm; hard, eastern refined
hams, 15@16c; bacon, Cu
shoulders, 9½@10c; clear, 12½@
Apples—Dried apple is good, but s
a quantity of offerings. Newtown
Pippins, [illegible]
Dried Fruit—An inactive d
prunes; oregons are likewise very

The Cook U. K. Be ship Cur
Tay, Be bk Ludywing, 747, pr
Wave, Bk Rona, whence to Cape
to arrive). Spot chartered for
Ella bk to Liverpool, Be ship
Clark, $[illegible]

new yorkmar

Wheat—Market quiet, much
Corn—Steady.

CHICAGO MAR

Wheat—$1 00¾ January.
Pork—$17½ January.
Lard—$11 90 January.

SUMMARY OF THE

Flour unchanged—Quiet.
Wheat—Quiet—Spring
Corn—Quiet—Mixed
Oats—Lower—Mixed
Rye—Quiet.
Barley—Quiet.
Provisions—Quiet—Pork
Lard—Lower at [illegible]
Whiskey—Quiet at [illegible]
Butter—Quiet and unchanged
Eggs—Unchanged.

Liverpool Provi

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 9.—Wheat
Corn—Steady.

SAN FRANCISCO STO

	Sa
	MORNING SES
120 Ophir	[illegible]
600 Mexican	1[illegible]
200 C & C	1[illegible]
100 H & N	1[illegible]
200 G & S	[illegible]
225 Savage	[illegible]
200 Gale	[illegible]
200 Con Va	1 35
520 Chollar	1 30
100 Potosi	1 25
110 N & N	1 20
100 Point	1 10
135 Jacket	1 05@1
1000 Imperial	1 10
30 Kentuck	95c
402 Belcher	85@1
200 S Nev	10½
	AFTERNOON
20 Exchq	13¼
30 M Belc	20½
580 Day	2 40
400 E M Diablo	55@56
2100 Belding	30@25c
40 Bodie	2 60
30 Bulwer	2 50
1000 Concordia	1 80

FEEBLE LA

Those languid, tiresome [illegible]
to feel scarcely able to be
steady drain that is taking [illegible]
elasticity; driving the blood
continual strain upon your
you irritable [illegible] Peptol, a
the use of that [illegible]
regularities and obstruction
lieved at once, while the spec
ysin is permanently removed.
—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The supremacy in flavor of
hot or ice water, milk, etc., is h
ted by connoisseurs. Taken hot
and colds.

Sold by all Grocers. Who Me
gists. Trade supplied by Richa
Agents for Pacific coast. San Fra

The Peruvian Syrup has cured thousands who were suffering from Dyspepsia, Debility, Liver Complaint, Boils, Humors, Female Complaints, etc. Pamphlets free to any address. Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston.

ZAN BROTHERS,
Manufacturers of
BROOMS AND WOODEN WARE, And IMPORTERS OF WILLOW WARE.
Nos. 18 and 14 North Front St.

Paints, Oils, Glass, Brushes,
And a Full Line of
PAINTERS' MATERIALS.
Orders from the Country will receive prompt and careful attention.
SALMBROOK, 111 FRONT ST.,
Factory at Wadder's Mill, Portland, Oregon.

IMPORTERS OF
[illegible] ply. CIRCULARS, giving FULL description, sent [illegible] on application.
J. H. CHAMBERS,
St. Louis, Mo. Chicago, Ill. Atlanta, Ga.
n[illegible]dim cod wit

CATARRH!
If you are suffering with Catarrhal headache, or Catarrh in any way, go to Plummer & Byerly's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of Dr. KARKER'S CATARRH REMEDY [illegible]dim

Sunday Oregonian.

SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 11, 1881.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

BY MAIL—POSTAGE PREPAID—IN ADVANCE.

Daily, per month	$ 1 00
Daily with Sunday Oregonian, per month	1 20
Daily, per year	10 00
Daily with Sunday Oregonian, per year	12 00
Sunday Oregonian, per year	2 50
Sunday and Weekly Oregonian, per year	5 00
The Weekly Oregonian, per year	3 00

TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted	25
Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included	30

The court fool at Washington continues to run the court, and the judge looks complacently on.

The telegraphic wires were prostrated by high winds early last evening and our report to-day is consequently shorter than usual.

The greatest contrast shown by the official census tables is between the population of New York, 5,082,871, and that of Nevada, 62,265—or about eighty-two times as great in the former as in the latter.

On the first page of this paper will be found highly interesting "reminiscences" of the gifted Tom Corwin, as told by President Garfield. They are now related by a writer in the *Cincinnati Commercial*.

The modern Herod, [illegible] the Philadelphia *Record*, is of the female gone crazy. She not confine her slaying to male babies, goes in and out of the habitations of rich and poor, and takes her laudanum and her [illegible] syrups along with her, and the [illegible] deep.

There are 14,500 rivers and small streams in the United States, and 72,000 lakes, according to the last census. Add to these the number of breweries, distilleries, and soda fountains, and it appears very plain that [illegible] need not worry about of this land of [illegible] drinks.

It takes a long time, in some cases, for the truth to get to the surface. It has just transpired that Thurlow Weed's war on the Masons in 1826 was occasioned by the refusal of the original founders of the order to admit Mr. Weed as a member of the brotherhood.

These are on file in the clerk's office of the house, 15,000 southern claims that have been rejected by the northern claims commission and brought to congress for action. There are also about 5000 cases disbarred for non-prosecution, which have never been acted on in any way, on file.

The late election in Pennsylvania shows some strange inconsistencies. The total vote polled for state treasurer was 593,407, which is about two-thirds of the vote cast for the presidential election last year. General Beily's official plurality is 2005, and the popular majority against him is 29,941.

The American book exchange, of New York, whose operations in reducing the price of many standard works, by the use of poor paper and execrable typography, gave them some prominence, avoided its [illegible] heavy reductions from established rates, has a receiver has been appointed for the concern and its business closed.

The Baltimore and Ohio road has completed arrangements for a new through route between New York and Washington, having just purchased one of the street railways of Philadelphia, which has a charter allowing it to transact steam cars through the city, and thus removing the greatest obstacle—the difficulty of obtaining the right of way through Philadelphia.

In 1854 there were 254 daily papers published in the United States. In 1860 the number had increased to 387, in 1870 to 574, and in 1880 to 971. The circulation, which in 1850 was but 758,484, reached over 3,000,000 copies in 1880. The average circulation of the daily newspapers is placed by the census compilers at 3,704, which must reduce the actual circulation of a great many dailies far below the paying point. The average circulation of weeklies contributed with dailies is 3,2 9, and of those not connected with dailies 1,824.

Certain papers have been bemoaning in tum-drum style to those persons who have expressed regret that the attempts made on Guiteau's life had failed. It is an insult, they say, to the law. If the law were perfect the reproof would be good. But the people have lost faith in the prompt and vigorous administration of criminal law. The inclination or excuse to commend lynch law in such a case does not arise from an unwillingness to await the action of the courts, but from the fear that the trial will defeat the ends of justice. Experience shows how often this is done.

It was to be expected that the revision of the English revised version of the New Testament would stimulate movement in the same direction in the Protestant churches generally, and it is now announced that the Reformed church of France has appointed a commission to consider the subject. Revision is a much easier work, however, in France than in England or Germany, for there is no French Bible that holds the position of King James' in the one country or Martin Luther's in the other.

The following prescription is given in Venezuela as an infallible remedy for inebriety: Take three brown-backed frogs, cut them up fine and macerate them ten days in alcohol. This extract is to be administered to the patient in half-ounce doses three times a day for two weeks and then in diminished quantity. The effect is to destroy all love of alcohol or its compounds for ever after. May be a sure cure, but the average toper would probably suffer delirium tremens rather than take the remedy.

The frightful destruction of human lives at the theatre in Vienna, Thursday night, again directs the attention of the world to the carelessness so common in construction of similar public buildings. The criminality of those who erect buildings devoted to such purposes, without ample means of easy exit is rendered startlingly apparent at every recurrence of such frightful accidents, and public opinion should [illegible] to such force before a repetition of the disaster as to cause the enactment of stringent laws on the subject. The value of human life is too great to allow it to become subservient to false ideas of economy. It is to be hoped the event of Thursday will not pass out of the public mind until the desired effect is produced in a manner at once decisive and thorough.

Clergymen of some of the eastern cities are in something of a muddle about the publication of the sermons. The question of the proper time for submitting their manuscript so as to avoid Sunday work seems to be the perplexing point. The discussion arose on the propriety of furnishing the manuscript of their sermons on Sunday evening for publication in the Monday papers. A diversity of opinion exists on the subject. Some of the ministers hold that the publication of religious discourses is akin to preaching, and therefore that suitable preparation for their appearance the following day is a perfectly legitimate employment of the Lord's day. Others are willing to furnish their manuscripts to the papers after midnight, or upon condition that they shall not be put in type until after midnight.

BRASS FOR SHIPBUILDING.

In printing what Mr. Wm. W. Bates has to say about shipbuilding and shipbuilding materials, with his incidental remarks on the ignorance of everybody but himself upon the subject, we are undoubtedly doing the public a great service, since his light has been too long hidden. He asserts that the statement that iron is the only proper material for shipbuilding in these times is "utterly and abjectly (*sic*) untrue," and is of the opinion that the person who entertained such a notion must have borrowed it from the newspapers of that effete maritime nation, Great Britain. But since Great Britain can build far cheaper, better and more serviceable vessels of iron than we can of wood, though we have timber in abundance, the question as to material would seem to be pretty thoroughly settled. Moreover, we have about abandoned wooden shipbuilding, and are now trying to imitate Great Britain in the construction of iron vessels—thus conceding that iron is the material of which ships nowadays must be built. But through our "protective" system we intentionally make iron high in order to give manufacturers a great profit; and the necessary consequence is that we can't build ships at all. The protectionists propose to overcome this difficulty by getting an act through Congress to grant subsidies for construction of iron or steel vessels at American yards. Two conventions have recently demanded [illegible] Mr. Bates, however, would not absolutely specify what material he would use in building ships, but from the modest tone of his letter we should suppose he would build them of brass, and that he is prepared to furnish the material in unlimited supply.

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

In the education of boys one point is always strongly insisted on, namely, that they shall be strictly honorable in all their dealings. This is the great gauge of a man's character among men. How often is such a thing thought of in the bringing up of the girls? "Oh, I don't want my daughter to go into business," is the reply to such a suggestion. The intention of parents has very little to do, with the matter. Your daughter will follow the law of necessity in her future life the same as any one else's daughter, and the chances are fifty to one in this changing world that you will be blamed many times, secretly, if not openly, for having withheld that very discipline. Besides, even if she has never to go outside a happy, protected home, there is not a day of her life she does not transact some form of business, in which her character for promptness, accuracy and economy is brought out. Men are always complaining of a want of punctuality on the part of women. It is a great and serious fault. Teach the girls as well as the boys, that it is as much a piece of dishonesty to steal another's time, either intentionally or through carelessness, as to put the hand deliberately into a pocket and they will very soon realize the opinion that upright and honorable men have of their weakness on this point.

CHEAP LETTER POSTAGE.

Among the recommendations made by the postmaster-general in his report just published, is one for a reduction of letter postage to two cents. This suggestion seems to meet with general favor. When letter postage was reduced from five cents to three, the experiment was more than justified by the increased revenue and the vast benefits it has conferred on the whole country. The postmaster-general thinks the time now ripe for another reduction. While it is desirable that our postal service shall be as nearly self-sustaining as practicable, it is not essential that it should be absolutely so. In fact, if this principle is a good one as to our system as a whole, it would be equally good as to all its parts. If put into practical operation, however, it would deprive many portions of the country—especially those on the frontier—of postal facilities altogether to the great inconvenience, not only of the citizens of those sections, but of all others having correspondence with them. There is no service which can more properly become a charge on the public treasury than that of furnishing prompt and efficient means of inter-communication between the inhabitants of all portions of the country. In this respect the postal service stands on the same footing as our public school system—in fact, they are both parts of our educational system, designed to afford information to the people, to increase the public happiness, and add to the general intelligence. The recommendation of the postmaster-general will, it is believed, be regarded with favor by congress and result in practical legislation at an early day.

A PROMISING COUNTRY.

For many years Manitoba has been considered as little better than a waste, too cold for more than sparse settlement and only capable of raising a few of the hardiest varieties of cereals to a limited extent. The very name of the region has been suggestive of a wild, dreary expanse of moor and mountain, fit only for the habitation of people akin to the Finns and Laplanders. But of late this section has been developing with marvelous rapidity. A number of large colonies have located within its boundaries and cultivated the soil, and it is now found that not only Manitoba and the great valley of the Saskatchewan, but the vast area known as the northwest territory is also valuable land, rich in forest and mineral wealth, and capable of sustaining a population estimated, by careful observers, at many millions. The soil is similar to that of short-horn Minnesota and Dakota, while the climate is but little more severe than that of those sections. Wheat grows remarkably well, and barley, oats and potatoes yield as largely as in any of the eastern states.

The Canadian Pacific and its various branches will traverse this immense region, and immigration societies have already been established for the purpose of attracting the attention of people from abroad, to the merits of its soil and products. Scotland has already peopled much of the present settled area, and a colony from Iceland emigrated from their desolate island, in the northern seas, to the fairer and warmer lands of the Saskatchewan. Several cities have sprung up in the past few years, of which, Winnipeg, has grown from a hamlet of 215 people in 1870, to a thriving young city of 14,700 in 1881, with an assessed valuation of $6,585,067. Battleford, far to the northwest of Winnipeg, and the capital of the northwest territories, has a population of 2000 or more, and a thriving, farming community around it.

The growth of the region mentioned above will enable the people of Oregon and Washington to judge, to a certain extent, of the growth of their own country when railroad communication is opened with the outside world. With richer soil, infinitely more valuable and varied resources, a climate in every way preferable, and the advantages also of direct communication by sea with all the lands of the world, a conception of what a future is before us can easily be had.

THE COMING LIGHT.

Each advance in mechanical art produces more social effects than can readily be enumerated, and so every new fashion produces innumerable results for which we cannot account. Sir Walter Raleigh did not do a very great thing, apparently, when he gave his generation a love for tobacco; but as the subtlest thinker of the race has told us that it cures "some soul of goodness in things evil," who can say that the ultimate effects of the tobacco habit may be in some respects beneficial? The Germans and English are the great smokers of Europe, and of late centuries have not only escaped terrible revolutions, but have worked out their greatness through clouds of contemplative tobacco smoke. The introduction of coffee into England, Locky tells us, produced a vast effect on English social relations and English character. The discovery of a continent or the invention of a steam engine, each in its order disturbs the equilibrium of society and gives new avenues for the expenditure of reserved human energy. If nothing disturbed man he would sail around the circle of life like a cork in an eddy. Any thing new is the break-up to life's eddy and sets the manly corks to dancing in healthy hostile and competition. People who visit circuses and Up on Square, New York, have become partially familiar with the electric light; those who have not seen the new illumination know something about it from books, pictures or newspapers; yet very few have any idea, or can make any estimate of the remote effects of this coming substitute for kerosene and gas. We saw a simple statement (worth more than a passing notice) in a late publication to the effect that the electric lights are now being used in New York in the construction of buildings at night. The great building of D. O. Mills on Broadway street, is being constructed with magic rapidity because every night artificial light enables the workmen to have the materials for the building, such as lumber, stone, iron and brick, all in place before the bricklayers and mechanics commence their labors in the early morning. On the new produce exchange night illumination has been resorted to, in order to hurry forward that work. The publication referred to says: "In mines and tunnels it has always been customary to work during the whole twenty-four hours, and, with the electric light, there is no reason why private buildings as well as great public works may not be in process of construction not only from the rising o the sun to the going down thereof, but from the going down to the rising of that luminary." Indeed, in tropical climates, and during the heats of summer in the temperate zone, the time of rest should be at midday, and the work be under way when the sun is on the other side of the earth."

From all this divers conclusions may be drawn, though only one now engages our attention, to-wit, that the coming light, in turning night into day, will have a decided effect upon the emotional and sentimental sides of our natures. The spirit of the age is scientific, utilitarian, and therefore practical, and we fear too electric light will intensify this tendency of the times. Take away the night and moon and you take away half the stock in trade of the poet, quite as much as if you should destroy the beautiful snow and more beautiful spring. More than this what will become of the lovers? At present during the sweet summer, the fruition of that spring time when the young man's fancy, if the poet of Locksley's Hall is to be believed, lightly turns to thoughts of love, the gasoline lamp on the street corner, or at other occasions so dim as only to render the darkness visible, has too bright a glare, and the broad-faced moon itself sometimes too bold a stare. Now introduce the electric light, cold and glittering and sickly as an abstract proposition, and the lover vanishes from the front door step in summer, and as only a dim parlor in winter can keep him from feeling ridiculous, he must vanish from the world altogether. Did we believe that evil is so absolute that it can have no compensating good, we would mourn the coming departure of the lover and poet as an evidence of decreasing sympathy and necessary altruistic regard; but we are reconciled when we see the best that will accrue from this invention when it becomes popular. In future there will be no "woman in the case." From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook," woman has figured rather largely in court intrigues and police scandals. The electric light will correct all of it. There will be no more elopements, no scandals, because there will be no foolish excuses, no night, no sentiment, nothing in short but plain substantial brick and mortar facts. We hail the coming universal light. We can give up sighs and love songs, if their death also kill the *Police Gazette* and the *Sunday Illustrated Times*.

MOLL

CLIMATE AND CHARACTER.

Every reader of Buckle's great work on civilization is aware that the central idea of the book is the theory that man is strictly "the product of his environment"—that differences of climatic and other natural conditions have caused variations of race; that the habits, tastes, literature, character and laws of a people are nearly as much the product of the soil as is the vegetation peculiar to each country, and still further, that individual man in civilized society is, as a rule, what that society makes him. In pursuance of this theory he argues that in a given state of society there will be a certain steady proportion of insane persons, of suicides, and of murderers. The theory destroys man's individual free will, utterly, and makes him a helpless subject of an absolute fatalism. Mr. Buckle has been controverted with great force by many writers. Part of his theory Mr. Bagehot demolishes by the observation that "the English immigrant lives in the same climate as the Australian of Tasmanian, but he has not become like those races; nor is there any reason to suppose that thousands of years would make him, in essential respects, like them."

Again, the notion has become current in late years that there is a natural tendency in the human race to die out on any given spot, unless rejuvenated by alien blood, and it is asserted by many European writers that this tendency is particularly true in America. For proof of this curious theory we are referred to the relics of several distinct races that died out on this continent before the advent of white men. It is certain that these races did exist; that the Indians found here by Europeans were not the first inhabitants of the country, nor of their stock, and that the original inhabitants had been so long extinct that the Indians knew nothing, even by tradition, of the races whose relics lay all around them. It is also claimed that the Indian races, their successors—as found here, were in a state of decline, and would have disappeared ultimately had no wave of European emigration ever struck America. By this theory America is the graveyard of races. It is alleged that deteriorative influence still goes on, and these fanciful observers maintain that they see many evidences of a vicious departure from the normal English type in America that would certainly end in extinction were it not arrested by a constant influx of foreign blood. It is asserted, further, that man and woman in America are more frail and more nervous than in Europe; lose their teeth, hair and eyesight earlier, and become prematurely old. This view has been so long hawked about by lecturers and peddled out in light magazine articles and peddled out in light magazine articles that there is some reason to believe it has become widespread. In the *Popular Science Monthly* Mr. Edward C. Towne examines it, and comes to the conclusion that it is hypothetical. In reply to a recent English writer (Mr. Young), who maintains this view, he says: "There is no ground worth speaking of for his statement as to the contrast between English and American women. It is not at all true. I can compare a country village in Massachusetts with one in Yorkshire, and what Mr. Young says of American women lacking or losing form and beauty is more true of the English example than the American. There are numbers of English women, it is true, who show the type at one extreme, to which Mr. Young refers, but as you go from that extreme to the other you find the middle type as much the rule in England as America, and the worn, thin nervous type fully as common in England as America, and often more extreme than in America." Mr. Towne does not stop with this flat contradiction, but goes on to defend the climate and then as well. He says that "the drying, irritating, corrosive effect of the east wind in the streets of London is very much worse than anything known in America." And as to "the nervous, energetic, large-jointed skeletons," which the English writer selected as the type of the Yankee, he shows that a much larger proportion of this type exists in the north of England than anywhere in America. Speaking of men full of nervous energy and neuralgia men who cannot sit still, nor sleep soundly, who eat fast, talk fast, and die early, he says: "One supposes that he has seen nervous energy in Chicago, but only in England have I ever had my attention drawn to nervous energy almost gone mad."

This writer goes further. He attacks the notion that the Englishman possess a more fresh, healthy, rosy complexion, sturdier habits, and a more powerful digestive apparatus, than the average American. As a climax to the argument, he offers to anyone who cares to go into a speculation, to give a dollar to every big, portly, red faced Englishman who can be found, if he is paid one cent for every one "peculiarly American" that he can find in certain rural districts of England. But before anyone accepts the offer, he wishes it to be distinctly understood that the flush and complexion produced by roast beef and porter must not be considered among the race characteristics, as we can "attach men and women in the same way. He insists, also, as old Dr. Bet nune used to say, that as a Western man is a Yankee elongated, so the American type is the English greatly improved. This is carrying the war of races into England. We give one more quotation from the pen of this vindicator of American brain and brawn and character, viz: "The nervous temperament, the excess of energy, the exaggerations and intensities of character, the vulgarities and madness of selfish getting, the fierce resort to sham and shoddy, as a short cut to profit, and all the forms of heathen service to the devil to which unregenerate, raw, brute humanity can be tempted, are very much worse in England than they are in America."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HARPER'S POPULAR CYCLOPEDIA OF UNITED STATES HISTORY, from the Aboriginal Period to 1876; Containing Brief Sketches of Important Events and Conspicuous Actors. By Benson J. Lossing. Illustrated by over 1000 Engravings. 2 Vol., PP. 1005. Price $12. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco.

A new method of dealing with the history of the United States is pursued in these volumes. As a worker in the field of American history Mr. Lossing is without an equal, and his knowledge and literary skill find in this great work the most ample scope and expression they have yet attained. Here is an elaborate work, in which the person who wants historical facts, may obtain them without expensive research, and by reference only to the proper initial letter of the title of any event or name of person mentioned in our history. In each article is supplied a general outline or picture of the event or character treated, which the reader may fill in if he desires, by consulting regular histories or elaborate biographies. The function of this great work is that of a labor saving machine. And yet it is written with the grace of literary art. As a condensation of history, and at the same time a copious and comprehensive work it is unequalled. We have no other book of reference on the history of our country which can be put in comparison with it. We have no hesitation in pronouncing it the most valuable of all Mr. Lossing's historical writings. In fulness and detail it is worthy of its title of a cyclopedia. Not a subject of historical interest, nor a public character of any note, is omitted in its pages. It will undoubtedly take its place as an indispensible book for families, for professional men, for instructors of the young, and for speakers and writers of every class.

OUR LITTLE ONES. Illustrated Stories and poems for the little people. With 250 original illustrations. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale by J. K. Gill & Co., Portland.

This book contains about 4000 pages, in the well known illustrated magazine of the above, containing the bound numbers for one year. For youngest children it is the most beautiful and valuable publication ever issued. The illustrations are all fresh, original, and the perfection of art, while the stories are simple, pure, easy, and just such in every way as will delight the little ones. As a holiday book "Our Little Ones" is just the thing wanted in its line.

YOUNG AMERICANS IN JAPAN, or the adventures of the Jewett Family and their friend Oto Nambo. By Edward Greey. Boston: Lee & Shepard. For sale by J. K. Gill & Co., Portland.

We have in this book an account of the adventures of an American family and a young Japanese who had been educated in the United States. It is intended not only as a book of travel and adventure, but also to make young Americans better acquainted with the interesting people beyond the seas with whom their country is now coming in close intercourse. As a book for boys and girls it will be very interesting. The story is told in a way which will hold the attention to the end. In variety of incident it will be found very pleasing. It is a large book, beautifully illustrated.

THE LEAGUE OF THE IROQUOIS, and other Legends, from the Indian Muse by Benjamin Hathaway. Chicago, S. C. Griggs & Co; San Francisco, A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The writer of this work certainly is not entitled to be called a poet, for he has no correct ideas of measure, although his rythm is generally well chosen. His work teems with strong love of Nature, reminding us somewhat of Whittier's legends of the days of the red man in Maine. Witness the following:

> Oh vanished days, no more to be—
> Days when beside the limpid springs
> With crowned the elk or deer and free,
> As though his very feet had wings.
> The moose his mighty antlers bore
> O'er pastures green with shady rule;
> The red deer flecked each grassy shore—
> Stood mirrored in the cryste. pool.
> What time the patient beaver wrought—
> A type of noblest brotherhood;
> As though his master soul had caught
> The vision of earth's highest good;
> When through an instinct brute and dim,
> The dream that haunts the wisest sage
> To-day, was realized in him:
> Rude prophet of a riper age.

The ingenuity with which the legends of the "Five Nations" are interwoven in this book is indeed commendable. Crude as is the author's style, as compared with Longfellow and Whittier, yet there is a vigor of thought pervading the book at every turn.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARK RUTHERFORD, a Dissenting Minister, edited by his friend, Reuben Shapcott." New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons; San Francisco, A. L. Bancroft & Co."

This book contains many things worth reading, for it evidently deems formal religion a mockery, and incites the reader that worship must come from the heart rather than from the lips, to give that peace of mind which we covet cannot give. The book is replete with fine thought, and from its liberal tone we command the respect of those whose religious views differ with those of the deceased writer. Mr. Rutherford was born in Lancashire, the son of a poor shopkeeper. His life was a continual struggle against the forms of Nature, and in all his actions the "Discipline of Poverty" was manifest. He subsequently became a reporter of the debates in the house of commons, and generally esteemed by the contemporaries of the London press. He was of his habit of going to sleep in church, a Sunday service, with a dash of quaint humor worthy of Dickens himself. His recital of "How we made love to a Jamestown widow," on this supposition that she was an old maid, makes him appear supremely ridiculous, but the story of the "Neglected wife," told in her own words, is very finely turned recital. The book will more than repay a diligent perusal. The autobiography ends abruptly. His editor thus speaks of him in conclusion: "He was emphatically the child of his time—of a time of transition, of a time when the earth under our feet rocks and the foundations of everything are shaken, of a time of intense misery to all those who pine to be assured." The editor does not assure us as to exactly what Mr. Rutherford drifted into, but we are led to conjecture that he settled into nothing positive that his conflicts settled into a peace "without specific stipulations, yet definitive."

SPARKS FROM A GEOLOGIST'S HAMMER, by A. Winchell, L.L. D., Professor of Geology and Paleontology in the University of Michigan. Chicago, S. C. Griggs & Co.; San Francisco, A. L. Bancroft & Co.

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This book opens with "nothing new under the sun"; but it must not be hastily assumed, for it contains much that is beautiful in the way of thought and food for thought. It opens with descriptions of Mont Blanc, the valley of Chamouni (spelt Chimonix) and the Mer de Glace. The illustrations are from photographs and executed in very fine style, allowing the ascent of Mont Blanc. All this is as you have read before, but the ensuing chapters on "Obliterated Contents," "A Grasp of Geologic Time," "Geological Seasons," "The Metaphysics of Science," are full of beauty and will richly repay perusal. A single chapter on "The Beauty of Humanity" shows the writer to possess the soul of an artist, whether he has the power of portraying his ideals on canvas or not. For deep and beautiful thought, couched in the choicest of pure and unsullied Saxon, it will be a long time before any American's pen will write its superior. Holland himself need not have been ashamed of it. Listen to this:

"I know not whether the spiritual is so inseparably blended with the material in man that it becomes impossible to reclaim palate beauty of form apart from the informing spirit; but I am of the opinion that the purest human figure is the most beautiful blending and interfusing of lives of beauty which has ever been produced. An ascetic theology may affect to despise the body—may even call it—but science it with profane and lamentable asperity, but it is the workmanship of a divine artist, which has pronounced suited to the basket of his own likeness. I would not dare scoff at the Greek in admiration of its divine beauty. I accept the verdict of the cultured intelligence of all the ages. The perfect form we shall never cease to admire. The beautiful use or figure sheds a gratuitous joy on all who deem. "The instinct to seek to appear beautiful is universal. Some of us are obliged to content ourselves with approaching to beautiful only so far as to become pleasing. None can fall short of this. But whosoever would become beautiful may regard himself divinely called to be beautiful. Duty and beauty chime well in substance as in sound. The ambition to be beautiful is not only right—it is ennobling. It is obligatory. But beware of counting more personal beauty the chief end of life.

"The prerogative of supreme personal beauty belongs to the sex which, by unanimous impulse, we pronounce gentle. I have before me and the undivided verdict of my own sex when I pronounce a beautiful woman the most perfect expression of the ideas of physical beauty. Beauty of person spiritualized by a quick responsive intelligence, beaming with sweet with a transparent benignity of soul, crowned with the queenly mien and sceptered with the regal gait which are her very right, makes woman the highest moral power in existence. The history of the world is my voucher for the statement.

"The poor o' beauty reigns supreme
O'er all the sons of men."

—*James Hogg*

The most exquisite attempts of the painter have not reproduced her hints and tones and shadows. The most idea efforts of the sculptor have not conferred warmth and softness and life upon the cold marble. The most divine eloquence has not portrayed the depth of feeling and purpose in the fathomless spirit of her eyes. The most angelic music has not given expression to the native poesy of her movements. She is the spirit of paint and song, sculpture and eloquence and poetry, incarnate. She is the arch-triumph of all the arts in a single achievement.

It seems to me that such a creature should be happy with her possessions and her prerogatives. This supreme expression of beauty, it must be observed, is not, after all, a product of purely physical qualities. The highest beauty is never discovered save when the reflex of a cultured soul blends in the features of the face. More physical beauty of person we recognize and admire but supreme, commanding beauty receives its crown and halo from the radiant soul within. A cultured mind gives charm to the face, and a refined and disciplined and benignant heart shines winningly through features which are not of classic mold.

CAPE COD FOLKS.—A novel. Boston, A. Williams & Company. J. K. Gill & Co., Portland.

The writer of this charming book, Miss Sally P. McLean, gives her experience on Cape Cod, where she goes to teach school, with the idea of doing a blessing to her kind. The interest in the book is much increased by the fact that four of the characters, all of whose names were most foolishly given in the first edition, have brought suit against the publisher of libel. The reader is most anxious to know which of the many characters could have been so foolish as to take exceptions to what can be seen no injury, and certainly has no malice in. They, thrifty since the days of the puritans, so willing to be comforted with money, and Mr. Williams can put down the amount asked for, thirty thousand dollars, if he should have to pay it, to his advertising account.

Miss McLean, whom we are told is a farmer's daughter of twenty, from a Connecticut town, has the rare power to make her characters see what she sees, and hear what she hears, and she has the best of material to work with.

Cape Cod, shut in as it is, has a crop been known to contain knots of odd people. Thoreau, the naturalist, long ago wrote of them in the most amusing way. When we come to quote, it is hard to discriminate where it is good. The dyeing of grandpa Spicer's hair to get him ready for Sunday school, is thus described:

Then came the dyeing process, which Grandma Spicer assured me, twice made Grandpa "look like a man o' thirty," but, to me, who had loosed confidence with my young, human nor fatherman, new like anything that I had seen before under the sun.

"There is the lotion, the potion, the dye-er, and the

matter," said Grandma, pointing to four bottles on the table. "Now, what's the directions, Abagail?"

These having been produced from between the leaves of the family bible, Abagail read, while Grandma made a vigorous practical application of the various mixtures.

"This admirable lotion,"—in soft; ecstatic tones Abagail rehearsed the flowery language of the recipe—"though not so instantaneously startling in its effect as our fashionable dyer and setter, yet forms a fact as our fashionable dyer and setter, yet forms a most essential part of the whole process, opening, as it does, the dry and lifeless pores of the scalp, imparting to them new life and beauty, and rendering them more easily susceptible to the applications which follow. But we must go deeper than this; a subtle fluid, we have to say to stay the right-eous and the wicked together—far be

...Oregonian.
...DECEMBER 11, 1881.

...AND PERSONAL.

...characterized by unusual ...

...last night from a trip to ...

...of Seattle left by the Oregon for ...

...Comstock of Latham are at ...

...has returned from an extended ...

...of East Portland is visiting in ...

...and family of Lake View, have ...

...Brownbridge have gone to San ...visit.

...of The Dalles is spending ...

...Meyer of Astoria, returned ...in California.

...Spokane Falls, is visiting ...in East Portland.

...returned last evening from ...and Canby.

...of Vancouver arrived home from a visit of several weeks.

...Kilcock of East Portland, are ...friends, and will return Tuesday ...

...Carroll leaves for San Francisco ...Thursday for a short season of ...

...formerly of the firm of ...returned to San Francisco by ...

...of Corvallis has gone to Washing... for admission to the sig...

Tim Wheelan, charged with assault with a dangerous weapon; Ah Ling, charged with burglary; T. W. Andrews and G. W. Wiseman, charged with arson, plead not guilty in the state circuit court yesterday.

Mr. Eugene L. Thorp has associated himself with Mr. W. W. Maguire in the publication of the East Portland *Vindicator*. Mr. M. F. Blake, for a time reporter for THE OREGONIAN, takes a like position on the *Telegram*.

Among the eminent physicians who testified as to Guiteau's insanity, was Dr. James, H. McBride, superintendent of the Wisconsin insane hospital. He will be remembered as a son of the late Dr. James McBride, and is well known throughout the state.

Yesterday was a very rough day on the river, and boats had no little trouble in making landings. The Willamette Chief, towing the barge Columbia Chief, while approaching Central dock, was blown against the Stark street ferry, crushed a pile and slightly damaged the barge. Steamers with tows could not get through the piers at Morrison street.

DISCHARGED FROM CUSTODY.

The case of Mrs. G. W. Teller of Polk county, charged with the crime of murdering her husband by the administration of a dose of poison, came up before the grand jury of that county on Friday last, and after a fine examination of the facts and testimony offered it returned "not a true bill." The analysis of the contents of the stomach as made by Drs. Bell and Reynolds of that city developed no traces of poison, their opinion being that the deceased came to his death from the effects of heart disease. The accused was at once discharged from custody.

AN OLD FAMILY RELIC.

O. S. Phelps, of this city, recently received by mail, through his friend Wm. C. Phelps, of West Winsted, Conn., an old relic of the Phelps family, which he prizes highly, it being a part of the footrail of a primitive bedstead which was brought over from old England to Newtown, Mass., in 1630; thence to Windsor Conn., in 1636, by William Phelps (the first Phelps who came to America), from whom he is the lineal descendant of the eighth generation. The Phelps family still hold a portion of this original farm, purchased by him from Sachem Poquonnoc Sachem, for four overcoats, 345 years ago.

LODGE ELECTIONS.

Washing on Chapter No. 18, Royal Arch Masons, of East Portland, elected the following officers Thursday evening: S. Bullock, M. E. H. P.; John Nicolai, R. K.; W. C. Brown, E. S.; C. F. Jones, C. of H.; Wm. Underhill, P. S.; John Proudfit, R. A. C.; G. A. Stanton, M. 3d V.; Benambra Kelly, M. 2d V.; J. A. Newell, Treasurer, S. R. Harrington, Secretary; M. S. Soher, Sentinel. They were installed by Past Grand High Priest Seth. L. Pope.

At the last regular meeting of Multnomah Royal Arch Chapter, No. 1, of Salem, the following officers were elected to serve during the ensuing term: J. J. Murphy, M. E. H. P.; F. D. McDowell, King; Andrew Kelley, scribe; R. P. Earhart, secretary; J. N. Albert, treasurer; F. J. Babcock, C. H.; George Hughs, P. S.; Dr. Golden, R. A. C.; J. M. Babbitt, G. M. 3d V.; W. G. Gray, G. M. 2d V.; Geo. D. Gray, G. M. 1st V.; A. Wilson, sentinel.

GEO. WRIGHT POST ELECTION.

Friday night Geo. Wright post, G. A. R., elected the following officers: Commander, Geo. C. Sears; asst. vice commander, A. E. Borthwich; jun. vice commander, M. J. Morse; surgeon, Dr. E. M. Wilcox; chaplain, R. C. Miller; quartermaster, O. Summer; officer of the day, O. G. Staples; officer of the guard, James Wray; trustees, N. S. Pierce, L. B. Strayer, D. H. Stearns; board of employment, Comrades Morse, Sutcliffe and Stevens; council of administration, Comrades Borthwick, Waters and Wright; delegates to national encampment, Comrades Shovers, Summers, Harrington, Neal and Borthwick alternates, Schwab, White, Ryan, Jordan and Hill.

It is a custom of the post to present a silver spoon to every male child born to the wives of its members and with the mothers' consent to name the children. Friday evening the infant sons of C. H. Hill and Orin Smith received the customary presents, Mr. Smith's babe was christened James Garfield and Mr. Hill's, George Wright.

DEATH OF A PIONEER WOMAN.

Mrs. Mary A. Gray, wife of the venerable Wm. H. Gray, died at her home in Clatsop county at half past nine Thursday morning. Mrs. Gray came to this country from Illinois, N. Y., in 1838, and has resided continuously on this coast ever since. She was one of the first white women in the present state of Oregon and passed through all the perils and privations of pioneer life in those days. She had a large circle of friends who will deeply regret to hear of her death. She lived a long and useful life, he was created a duke of Orleans by the shadowy river about two years, and having such his remaining children all peacefully and happily settled, he made his will like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams." He loved Oregon and her people, and until a month ago, kept up all his correspondence with his friends here. He was a consistant Christian, a Presbyterian strong in the faith, and his creed stood forth strongly depicted in his everyday life. He leaves two daughters and a son. His elder daughter is Mrs. C. Almira Coffin, residing at Oakland, Cal., but long known as one of the best friends the poor of Portland ever had. The second daughter, married to Colonel Weeks of the regular army, and now in command at Alcatraz island, is the twin sister of Mrs. Laurence S. Babbitt, mentioned above. General Babbitt was past 80 years of age, and had lived past the patriarch's three-score-and-ten. Would that all could live as nearly perfect lives, but we do but surrendered to the Creator who gave it.

ARSON FIRE.

About 3 o'clock yesterday morning fire was discovered in the hallway of Zeta Psi block, in that portion being fitted up for the North Pacific officers. It originated from the furnace in the basement, which was used for that purpose the first time yesterday. It was discovered by Mr. Armstrong, the night watchman for the O. R. & N. Co.'s offices, who with the assistance of the police officers of that end of town, subdued the flames. An alarm was turned in from box 16, but the services of the department were not needed.

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Richelieu had now subjugated Spain, given to Portugal her independence as a separate kingdom, humiliated Austria and left France the first power in Europe. Even in his tottering age, the vast energies of his youth had not forsaken him. In the scene where De Maupat, blinded by the false falsehoods of Baradas and his fellow-conspirators connect tales, the aged cardinal, the wonted fires of his departed youth burst forth from their smouldering embers like a flash of lightning from a mountain cloud. Mr. Sheridan is emphatically an emotional actor, so much so that the elegance of his impassioned scenes is too often marred by hasty utterance when roused to the full scope of passion.

The character of Armand Duplessis, duke of Richelieu, is one of the most sublime in all the glorious history of France. A soldier of rare natural courage, he was at the age of 19 years a military strategist of unequalled power even in that warlike era. At the age of 20 he was created marquis de Chinon for gallantry in the field. So long as he continued in the army he was a favorite of the capricious Louis XIII, but at 25 years of age his brother, the bishop of Lucon, decided to relinquish that trust and Armand conceived the idea of entering the church. He was made bishop of Lucon at 32 years of age, through the influence of Marie de Medici, in defiance of the king's wishes. When Marshal D'Ancre was assassinated and Marie de Medici exiled for alleged complicity in that crime, the young bishop accompanied her. His subsequent efforts to bring about a reconciliation between the king and his mother, led to his removal from the bishopric of Lucon and his isolation at Avignon where he devoted himself to writing religious works, the chief of which is still extant—"The Perfect Christian."

When Marie de Medici was recalled to the court, she reinstated him in favor and assisted him to strengthen his position by the marriage of his niece to the Duc de Lyres, high constable of France. In 1629, he was created a cardinal and entered the council of the king. The war between the Protestants and Catholics in 1626, in which Anne of Austria, the queen of Louis XIII., was engaged in a conspiracy against the king. Richelieu saw his opportunity, and, while a conspiracy to assassinate him was brewing, worked up by the revengful old dowager, he went to Versailles and tendered his allegiance to the king. This gave him more power than ever and he began to punish his enemies with the most vindictive penalties. Marie de Medici now called Gaston, prince of Orleans and brother of the king, to her aid in a new conspiracy against the favorite of her darker days. In 1631, when Richelieu was created duke, he succeeded a rebellion, in which Gaston of Orleans and Montmorency, who marched in an army of 4000 men from the Belgian frontier and fought the royal troops at Castlenaudary. They were defeated after a fought battle, but were defeated with great loss. Orleans contrived to secure a pardon, but Montmorency was sent to the scaffold.

In the thirty years war in Germany, he took sides with the Protestants for the sole purpose of breaking down the dynasty of Ferdinand. It seemed as if he was more of a politician than a theologian, and aimed at the good of the state rather than of the church. His foreign policy was a masterly one, and aided Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden against the Austrian power, and when he fell Richelieu contrived to secure a large tract of territory on the west bank of the Rhine and enlisted the generalship of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar. With this alliance perfected, he declared war against Spain and perfected the separatish of Portugal by the result of the battle of Perpignan, where he directed the movements of the French troops while being carried on a litter. In 1641 another conspiracy was headed by the Comte de Soissons, but its leader was killed in his first battle on the same famous playground of Sedan. The last of these conspiracies was by the Duke of Orleans in 1642. It resulted in the capture of the Marquis de Cinq-Mars

The Daily Oc

SATURDAY MORNING, D

FINANCE AND COM

San Francisco, Dec. 9.— Sterling bankers' long, 4 84; short, $4 cial, from 1/8c lower; docume

Silver bullion, 1/8c; one % fine

U. S. Bonds—3's, 100½; 4's, 12

London, Dec. 9.—Consols, 9 account.

Silver bullion, English stand ounce, 52.

U. S. bonds—5's, 105¾; 4's, 1

4 P. M.—Consols—99 5-16 mon

New York Stock Q

New York, Dec. 9.—Silver

44 governments higher; stocks Quicksilver, 13½; Pacific, 41½; Fargo, 13½; N. Y. C., 130½; 1 13⅝; Union Pacific, 113½; bond bonds, 112½; Sutro, 1½.

Entered at the custom house t nyadora, Roberts master, 1110 t Mexico, in ballast.

Cleared: Br bark, Woodhall, C centals wheat for Queenstown.

NEW YORK FREIGHTS

New York, Dec. 9.—The freig fairly active, and leading ships ve ing very well, although manufact what behind in deliveries. On th pers are anxious, as they desire to off by the close of the year. Ra and firm at last quotations. To-d scarce. An early engagem the David Crockett, which to-day. Steamer freights there is lack of freight for th 16th. The Mail company held a which all the directors were pre tion appointed by officers of ove ported that they had offered to t company the China line of ste gregating $1,450,000; provided tha panies would enter into an agr the subsidy of $110,000 a month committee recommended that in the railroad companies to accep that the president of the Pacific rected to obtain passengers and terms obtainable. The report w recommendation adopted. It is railroad companies have refus proposition, and that the Pacific reduced immediately to whatever to utilize the full capacity of the

Markets for the most part rea Wheat—Unsettled; opened at subsequently lost, together wit export demand was better, w there was much activity.

Barley—Quiet.

Provisions—Dull and nominal Rio Coffee—In better demand Refined Sugar—Quiet and ste Hides—Quiet, and although a are steady.

Turpentine—Firmer under Hops—Rather quiet, and ch nesa. Sales, 84 bales of Califo

Boston Wool

Boston, Dec. 9.—There has for most kinds of wool, but t There is also considerable in We would not be surprised if s taken before the close of the week have sold 2,250,000 pou cluding XXX Ohio and Penns 40c, with 50,000 pounds choi and Wisconsin fleeces have s Ohio X and fine X delaine sold at 42c. Some have been selling at 45c Kansas in the wash, and Michigan spring sold at 35c. Quiet. In pulled wools, best Sales of 35,000 pounds at 38½c been made, largely in range of Foreign wool is firm, and the able sales of carpet at full pric

Liverpool Grain

Liverpool, Dec. 9.—To-day' best breadstuffs California flour from ship to Liverpool, is 3 To-day's nearest sale value 1 California wheat, per iron vess ment, c i f, 50s per qr (500 lbs).

Gold and Stock

SAN FRANCISCO M

Receipts—Wheat, 33,000 ctls; Sales, 200 ctls; potatoes, 3100 sac

Wheat—Market continues du feature of improvement. 1 $1 62½ bid. $1 65 asked.

Barley—Market firm; quotat coast feed at $1 45@1 47½.

Oats—Market quiet but firm Hops.

Potatoes—For some kinds t sales of early rose, $1 35@1 changed; sweet sold to-day at

Onions—$2@2 50.

Butter—Fresh roll firm at fi packed, easy; quotations the s

Eggs—Fresh Oats, market w at prices last given; eastern, 2 38@39c.

Hops—Market very quiet; river; choice, at 29@30c; good, 27@28c; light to fair, 25@26c.

Provisions—Market shows s interest; lard, eastern refined banks, 9½@9¾c; bacon, Ca others unchanged.

Apples—Demand is good, but lar scarcity of offerings; New $1@1 50.

Dried Fruits—An inactive t rates; offerings are liberal.

CHARTER

To Cork U K, Br ship Car Ohio, Br bk Lepwing, 741, pt Wave, 364 tons wheat to Cape to arrive. Spot charters—Br 774, 2 2d in Liverpool; Br ship Ours, U K.

NEW YORK MA

Wheat—Market quiet; unch Winter—Steady.

CHICAGO MAR

Wheat—$1 29¾ January. Pork—$17 17½ January. Lard—11 35 January.

LIVERPOOL & ENGLIS

Flouring cargoes—Quiet. Corn on passage—Quiet. Mark Lane—Slow. Good cargoes red winter or Spot—Red winter for prompt English and French countr dearer.

Liverpool spot—Steady.

London Wool

London, Dec. 9.—At wool very cold, consisting chiefl No material change in price.

Shipping Inte

BY TELEGR

San Francisco, Dec. 9.—Ar Gabriel, Portland; Br bk Lay Ballad—Str Hylton Castle Florence, Cork; Fr bk Valeri

New York, Dec. 9.—Sailed San Francisco.

QUEENSTOWN, Dec. 8.—Arrive San Francisco, 7 days.

Lands Queen.

QUEENSTOWN, Dec. 7.—Arri San Francisco.

Boston—Nov. 9.—Lat. 10 N Stefano, 9% Kenaire to Portla

Nov. 2.—Br ship Scottish A to Queenstown, 90 days out.

Liverpool, Nov. 26.—In P tons, for Portland, (Oregon); Hannah.

Tacoma, Dec. 9.—Arrived—

Arcata, Dec. 9.—Str City 11 A. M.; the State of Califo M.; left for Portland at 12. down in tow of the Ordway

SAN FRANCISCO STO

Sa

MORNING SE

130 Ophir	67½	68½
630 Mexican	104½	105
580 Gould & Curry	65½	66
100 Belcher	82½	83
300 Crown Point	32½	33
225 Savage	2 90	
200 Caledonia	45c	
200 Con Virginia	1 55	
510 Chollar	1 30½	
100 Potosi	1 70	
110 H & N	2 90	
100 Point	1 10	
135 Jackson	3 60@3	
1000 Justice	1 10	
30 Kentuck	95c	
405 Belcher	85@1 80	
360 9 Nevada	105½	

AFTERNOON

30 Exchequer	13¾	
25 N Belle	10¾	
150 Day	2 40	
400 E Mt Diablo	50@45	
2180 Belcher	80@85c	
40 Bodie	2 50	
30 Belcher	2 90	
1000 Concordia	1 90	

FEEBLE LA

Those languid, tiresome sen to feel scarcely able to be stant drain that is taking th ity; driving the blood continual strain upon your you irritable and fretful, c the use of those nervous r regularities and obstruction lieved at once, while the spee pain is permanently removed. —*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The supremacy in flavor of hot or ice water, milk, etc., is a t ted by connoisseurs. Taken hot, and colds.

Sold by all Grocers, Wine Me gists. Trade supplied by Hicks Agents for Pacific coast, San Fra

The Peruvian Syrup has cured thousands who were suffering from Dyspepsia, Debility, Liver Complaint, Boils, Humors, Female Complaints, etc. Pamphlets free to any address. Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston.

ZAN BROTHERS,

Manufacturers of

BROOMS AND WOODEN WARE, AND IMPORTERS OF WILLOW WARE.

Nos. 13 and 14 North Front St.

IMPORTER OF

Paints, Oils, Glass, Brushes,

And a Full Line of

PAINTERS' MATERIALS.

Orders from the Country will receive prompt and careful attention.

SALESROOM, 111 FRONT ST.,

Factory at Webber's Mill, Portland, Oregon.

DEALERS IN

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Etc.

Particular attention given to mail orders. Send for price list, giving full description, sent on application. Chinamans, giving full description, sent on application.

J. H. CHAMBERS,

St. Louis, Mo. Chicago, Ill. Atlanta, Ga. n1d1m and ed1

CATARRH!

If you are suffering with Catarrhal headache, or Catarrh in any way, go to Plummer & Byers's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of Dr. KARSNER'S CATARRH REMEDY. n1d1m

DEALERS IN WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

KELLER & MOODY LANE, Attys. for Ex'rs. Dated at Portland, Dec. 5, 1881. d6w10d1

ROLLED GOLD JEWELRY,

SOLID GOLD JEWELRY,

The Finest Quality DIAMONDS,

PARISIAN DIAMONDS,

SILVERWARE SPECIALTIES, etc.

NEW YORK JEWELRY CO.,

Morse's Palace, 183 First St.

XANTIPPE DEFENDED.

Xantippe, I know, was a terrible scold,
But only one-half of that story's been told;
For Xan had to worry and cut and contrive
To keep half a dozen young "Socies" alive,
While their slouchy old father—the wise Socrates—
Pendilose, hatless and bare to the breezes,
In a greasy old togs paraded the pave,
Delighting all Athens with wise saws and grave.
But all the wise maxims which Socrates said
Ne'er earned for the youngsters a morsel of bread.
With never a shoe for herself or the boys,
What wonder the madam was given to noise?

He dearly loved Athens—her forum and "walk,"
And the cavalier crowd that applauded his talk—
Was attached to her soil, and on face, neck and limb
That soil was quite largely attached to him.
For her in the forum, the work-shop or gate,
At morning, at noon or at midnight he'd prate.
He talked of the beautiful—goodness knows why—
Of infinite divine from out the blue sky;
But, in spite of his wit, Xantippe never went
Through the old fellow's clothing and fished up a cent!

She worked like a slave, but he sat at his ease
While "chinning" with Critto or Euripides!

The stew-pan was broken and nothing to stew,
Each chair had the rickets—the table askew,
The bed for the group, a Sicilian plank,
And still he kept "chinning"—the logical "crank"
And still he kept "chinning"—the table askew,
Now Socrates held that a man was well fed
Whose mens consisted of water and bread.
But the bread? For you see, the improvident cuss
Never earned for the youngsters the first obolus.
Held "chin" it all day—but work? Not a bit!
(His speeches were marvels of beauty and wit.)
No wonder she stormed! No wonder she railed,
And went for him there with her mop, till he paled!
She tossed his old togs with cish water foul,
And keyed up her voice till it reached a wild howl:
No wonder she turned on a bit of a sheer!—
I think the old lady had reason; don't you?

AUNT AGATHA'S CONVERSION.

[From All the Year Round.]

CHAPTER I.

"Whip it!" said my aunt.

With kerchief pinned over her well developed bust, and apron tied round her figure, she was engaged in manufacturing a batch of lemon-cheese cakes for which the materials had been brought into her neat little "scoping room;" and, just as with sleeves tucked up (she was rather proud of her beautiful arm) she was immersed into the mysteries of rolling, and patting, and buttering tins, and lining them with crust, glancing out of the window, she had seen the immaculate carriage of Miss Tipple stopping at the door, and a gentleman, handsome and dainty little person.

Poor Betsy Ward, Aunt Agatha's only servant, had likewise taken a stealthy peep, and she now bustled into the room.

"Lor', mum," said she, "there's Miss Tipple and a strange gentleman; let me clear away the things while you go and make yourself tidy. They can knock again, and I'll have 'em away in a minute."

"No, Betsy," said my aunt; "Miss Tipple knows very well that I make my own pastry, and when she comes to see me she must just take me as I am. There, open the door."

And she complacently went on with her rolling and patting.

The fact is, Aunt Agatha had no great opinion of Miss Tipple. Herself, though very limited as to income, the representative of one of the oldest and most respected families in Hilderstock, she did not consider Miss Tipple, whose father she remembered as a well-to-do grocer, was at all lifted to an equality with her. Wealth, and she had not formed a very exalted estimate of Miss Tipple's sincerity or of her discretion, so that when she now entered the room, Aunt Agatha, quite undisturbed by her rich and irreproachable costume, looked at her coolly, as who should say: "I've taken the measure o' you, my lady, and I don't think much of you."

"You'd better not come too near me," said Aunt Agatha, as Miss Tipp-e advanced, putting out a pre-, little, neatly-gloved, hand, "for, you see, I'm all over flour; and those that fear feathers shouldn't go among wild fowl."

"My dear Miss Gayfer," said Miss Tipple, who always placed a strong emphasis on her adjectives, "you are so per sedly fresh and natural that it is always charming to see you; so unlike the artificial world which is made up of show. Let me introduce to you Mr. Jordan, my cousin, our rector. I am sure you will be delighted with him."

My aunt acknowledged by a word or two the new rector's salutation, took a good look at him, and didn't feel by any means so sure about it.

He was a tall pale man, much marked with smallpox; with crisp black hair, and he spoke in a low, mellow, cooing voice, which most women found it pleasant to listen to.

"I trust, Miss Gayfer," said he, "that we shall be very good friends. I understand that you are a recognized power in Hilderstock, and that your co operation is quite essential to success here."

"If you had said that I am pretty well known here, where I have spent my life," said Aunt Agatha, "you would have been well within the mark; as to influence, you'll find that our people have most of them, got a will of their own—and it's generally wrong."

"That's a less flattering description of my parishioners than I have had from my cousin," said he, with a smile.

"Ah, well, you'll see. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. I don't mean to say but what they are honest enough and good-natured. But they are shiftless and wilful, so, that its very hard to help them."

"I am sure, my dear Miss Gayfer," said Miss Tipple, "that your example and your instructions have gone far to cure them of both these faults, and I know you will appreciate Frank, my cousin, who is the most methodical man in the world. He has made an absolute conquest of the Blackmans and the Wilkinsons and the Watslings."

"Eye," said Aunt Agatha, with a laugh, "new brooms sweep clean."

"Of one thing you may be quite sure, Frank," said Miss Tipple, turning to her cousin: "Miss Gayfer will always tell you what she thinks."

"I certainly shan't tell Mr. Jordan nor anybody else what I don't think," said Aunt Agatha; "but all truths are not to be told."

Presently, when the cheese cakes were finished and the apparatus dismissed, Miss Tipple said:

"You really must let my cousin see your exquisite forestry, Miss Gayfer. You have such perfect taste in it. These matters, and manage them so admirably."

"It runs in the blood," said my aunt, not insensible to the flattery. "My father was very fond of his garden, and the first comes of a hen must scrape. But I've scarcely any pleasure to go into my garden now since Miss Payne has stuck up that abominable red brick wall at the end of it. It scorches my eyes to look upon it. Its not much after all," she said, turning to Mr. Jordan, "but such as it is, come and see it."

She led the way up the steps which climbed into the garden from the back door, between the dwarf yews and magnificent trees of blush roses, old-fashioned but sweet as the odors of a dream, and sunning down a little stroll where the dwarf ivy and periwinkle clambered over, artfully disposed rocks, presented her pretty little fernery, lush and delicate in its verdure, and delicious in its coolness.

Mr. Jordan examined it with a critical eye.

"Excellent, Miss Gayfer," said he, stooping down as he spoke to examine the soil. "But these scolo-pendriums would do better if you would give them some sandy loam mixed with leaf mould."

"The man has a grain of gumption in him after all," said my aunt, sotto voice, but not so low as to be inaudible to a little nephew whose hand she held, and who, having a sense of honor, very perfectly succeeded in stifling a laugh, as he caught Miss Tipple's eye fixed upon him. There was an awkward hush for a second or two, and in the pause the sound of shears was distinctly visible.

My aunt gathered up her skirts with "inimitable speed, and proceeded to investigate, followed more leisurely by the cousins, who seemed to be exchanging confidences in a composedly subdued, private manner, till Lucy were startled by the indignant tones of my aunt's voice exclaiming:

"Hi! you rascal! what are you doing there? How dare you!"

On the opposite side of the garden rose the hideous red brick wall of which had excited my aunt's righteous ire, and a goat on the flowing up to reach this had been a magnificent crop of ivy; but the place thereof knew it no more, for a man who stood there open-mouthed with his shears in his hand, and with the spoils of his flock all round him, had sheared goats of his flock all round him, had sheared and trimmed it till the wall was as bare as a billiard ball.

My aunt had followed up her exclamation by rushing across the garden, seizing the intruder by the collar of his jacket, and shaking him till his teeth chattered in his head.

"Come away, Frank, come away," said Miss Tipple, plucking the new rector's sleeve. "The woman must be mad."

But Mr. Jordan, without heeding the injunction, with a smile on his face, strode to the scene of conflict, just as my aunt, fairly out of breath, released poor Johson in a condition of extreme physical exhaustion and mental bewilderment.

"Oh, its you, Johson, is it?" she said, as soon as she had sufficiently recovered breath. "How dare you come trespassing here, and destroying my garden? You touch another leaf of that ivy, sir, and I'll make you smart for it, or my name is not Agatha Gayfer."

There was scarcely a leaf left for him to touch; he had done his work completely.

"Well," she continued impatiently, "what do you stand there for, with your mouth open, like a driveling idiot? Have you got nothing to say for yourself?

"Why, lord, Miss Gayfer," said Johson, "you right down skeer me, that you do; I han't had sich a jouncing not sin' I was tossed in a blanket. I never knowed I was doin' any harm. Miss Payne she said the ivory made her walls damp, and I was to cover her an' cut it. She towld me, and I thought it was all right. I never knowed I was doing any harm. Why, lor', there—"

"And are you such a born fool, then, as to go and do whatever Miss Payne tells you? Don't you know I could have you prosecuted and imprisoned for trespass and wilful damage? and I don't know but what I shall, too. He that will needs blow in the dust must look to fill his eyes with it. Now you go and tell Miss Payne, that if she's got anything to say by way of excuse, she had better say it at once, or it may be too late."

"Sakes, Miss Gayfer," began Johson, "I never—"

"Don't stand there, man, but go and do as I tell you."

The unhappy Johson gathered up his tools, climbed up the short ladder by which he had made his descent, drew it after him, and disappeared.

"It's a most vexatious incident," said the new rector.

"Vexatious!" interrupted my aunt, with perfectly recovered composure, "it's maddening."

There was a curious contrast between the words and the tone in which they were uttered, and the rector smiled as he said:

"I hope, after the first natural ebullition of feeling, you will be able to accommodate your difference with Miss Payne, amicably."

"Oh, fiddle-de-dee," said my aunt. "But there now, good bye, I shall see you—on Sunday."

"My dear Miss Gayfer," said Miss Tipple, "your energy of character quite astonishes me! I could no more do what you have done than I could write Frank's sermon for him."

"It's just as well the world holds a few people who have some control over themselves," said my aunt with a laugh.

"That's a remarkable woman," said Mr. Jordan as he drove away with Miss Tipple.

"A remarkably disagreeable woman," said the lady with a little shudder.

"Do you think so?" said the new rector, and both lapsed into silence.

"Those people mean to make a match of it," said my aunt as she waited for Miss Payne. "Love and a cough they say, can't be hid, and any one can see that she has made up her mind to marry him. A pretty dance she'll lead him too, poor fellow."

Miss Payne was a lady of ponderous build, but short in proportion to her bulk, with a complexion like an uncooked muffin, and eyes suggestive of moisture, apt to overflow on slight provocation. She was elephantine in her movements, wheezy and faint in her voice, and lachrymose in her general views. Aunt Agatha, who had been churning merrily, straightened herself in her chair as the clerk of the front gate announced the approach of this obnoxious personage.

"Well!" exclaimed my aunt, as she waddled into the room.

"Ohh-h!" sobbed Miss Payne, sinking unbidden into a chair.

My aunt eyed her with profound contempt, but gave her time to recover breath before she said:

"Well, Miss Payne, have you anything to say why I should not put this matter in the hands of my lawyer, and take proceedings against you for your abominable trespass?"

"Miss Agatha," gasped the offender, "I declare you frighten me, and my heart is that bad—"

"Stuff" said Aunt Agatha, promptly.

"Only think, Miss Agatha, what's the use of going to law with me—"

"I know," broke in my aunt, "that whether you boil now or pound it, you can only get water; but to put up with such an abominable outrage as this is to invite injury. Those that make themselves sheep have no cause to complain if the wolf eats them."

"My dear Miss Agatha," pleaded Miss Payne.

"Don't Miss Agatha me, woman," said my aunt; "it makes me sick."

"I declare, Miss Agatha, I'm more vexed than you can think. You know damp makes me so miserable."

"I don't know," said my aunt, abruptly.

"It really does, and the ivy did make the wall damp."

"Then you should have told me about it, and not sent people trespassing in my garden."

"I never thought, Miss Agatha, Johson was going to do so much. I told him just to trim it, for I'm sure it didn't make the wall damp."

"I don't believe it," said my aunt. "I told Johson very well, and you told him to cut it down or he wouldn't have done so, and you made him believe that I knew all about it."

"I didn't, really, Miss Agatha; no, really, I didn't. When I saw what he'd done, you might have knocked me down with a feather. I'm so sorry you were annoyed—"

"Annoyed!" said my aunt, with vehemence.

"Miss Payne, I could have skinned you."

Poor Miss Payne gave a start of such unmistakable alarm that my aunt's sense of the comic overmastered her indignation, and she broke into laughter, after which she felt that it was quite hopeless to prolong the interview, and she accordingly brought it to an abrupt close, saying:

"Well, Miss Payne, it's no use crying over spilt milk. I don't forgive you yet, and it's no use pretending that I do, but I will not say anything more about this affair. But if you ever do such a thing again, I won't spare you, mind that."

"Ah, now, Miss Agatha," said the old lady, gathering spirit with this promise, "don't half do the thing while you are about it. Let us be friendly and neighborly."

"We may come to that in time," was the reply. "He's a fool that asks much, and he's more fool that grants it. I feel very sore about this matter. I shall tell you, and I shall take a week and a day to get over it. And now the less that's said about it the more likely I shall be to forget, so good-by."

Miss Payne gasped, heaved her deepest sigh, shook her underdone head and waddled off.

CHAPTER II.

Aunt Agatha pronounced Mr. Jordan's first sermon "very sensible," and wondered what such a man could see in that "mincing, affected little bit of goods, Miss Tipple."

But as the weeks went by she did not hear of him quite in the way she liked in the cottage where she visited, and she heard of him a good deal more than she liked in a person at the parish, at garden parties, archery-meetings, and social gatherings of various kinds. Not that he failed to visit among the humbler inhabitants of Hilderstock, but while she heard of him as smoking his pipe with them, talking about their gardens, or their pigs and their poultry, and otherwise rendering himself very popular, he never seemed to speak to them of religion, or about purely professional topics.

This was very different from the practice of the late rector, a zealous evangelical, whose dutiful disciple Aunt Agatha had been, though in her sturdy independence she had sometimes ventured to express her doubt as to the wisdom of prolonged exhortations in houses where the struggle for existence was hard and exciting, for, as she would say, "you can't make a windmill go with a pair of bellows."

Something between the profundity of his predecessor and the too purely mundane converse of Mr. Jordan would have been her idea of the happy mean.

"I have just been telling Mrs. Gimpson," said he one day when he encountered her at the door of a cottage, "that if she wants her hens to lay she must vary their food a little."

"Don't you think there are some things more important than hen's eggs you might speak to Nanny Gimpson about?" asked my aunt, looking him full in the face. "I'm afraid she's dreadfully ignorant, and they say parsons are sent to enlighten."

"Do you know, Miss Gayfer," he answered, "that when I see that cheerful, active old lady, stricken with pain and with years, making the whitest of lavender bods be unremitting care we always entertain, I feel that it is for me to learn and be silent, she is the teacher."

My aunt was silent for a second or two, and then answered:

"There is a great deal in what you say, but it is a way of looking at things that is new to me. If it is the right way, I think I have wasted a good deal of time."

"Assuredly not," said he; "you have carried brightness and order into many homes, and wherever I go I find you have been an influence for good. Sympathy is the true 'open sesame' to a human heart, and in power of sympathy we men lag far behind women."

From that time a gradual change was observable in Aunt Agatha's dealings with the poor folk whom she visited. It would have been difficult to say exactly what it was. A more frequent touch of tenderness, a greater readiness to make allowances for the circumstances and difficulties of each. A greater readiness to help there could not be, but there was less readiness to scold.

Sometimes, in the course of her indefatigable rounds, she would meet with and have pleasant converse with the rector, and would come home quite radiant with pleasure. At other times she only heard of him as having been the life and soul of some party, rowing Miss Tipple and her friends down the river, organizing picnics, and other frivolities on which Aunt Agatha looked with scant toleration.

"That man," she remarked one day, "might put new life into the whole parish, and he's becoming a mere butterfly. His hand enough now, what it will be after he gets married to that silly, worldly-minded woman, heaven only knows."

One day in early autumn, as Aunt Agatha was moving softly among her asters and chrysanthemums, musing probably of these matters, a harsh, crashing noise and a shock as of earthquake rudely broke the current of her reflections. She turned in the direction from which the sound had come, and there, where Miss Payne's flaunting eyesore of red brick upper story had been, was a cloud of dust, momentarily thinning, and leaving the clear blue of a bright October sky.

"A good riddance of bad rubbish," was Aunt Agatha's brief ejaculation; but then, the possibilities involved suddenly flashing upon her mind, she added: "Heaven forgive me! Why, my woman and that poor little half-starved Lucy Chalk may be buried in those ruins!"

In an instant she was rushing out of her garden, bonnet flying behind her, quite unconscious of the amazed look of the butcher over the way, the group of milliners at Miss Firmin's, and the portly landlord of the Red Lion, who, ignorant as they were of what had transpired at the rear of Aunt Agatha's dwelling, were half amused and half curious about her dishabille and her haste.

"Here! hi!" she called two men who were passing. "Johnson, Tyler, come with me to Miss Payne's directly. There has been an accident there; the new story has fallen in."

Hastening with them round the corner of Horn Lane, she came upon Miss Tipple, escorted by the rector, with whom she was gaily conversing.

"My dear Miss Gayfer!" said Miss Tipple, advancing with her everlasting winter smile.

"What is the matter Miss Gayfer?" asked Mr. Jordan. "Can I help you?"

Just then a small boy came running by, and thinking he might be useful to run errands, Aunt Agatha immediately laid hold of his jacket, a piece of this ear, and a handful of his hair, holding him in fmi grasp while she explained to the rector briefly what had happened.

"You may as well come," she added, "though I don't know you can do anything. Better a lame foot than none."

And without parley she hurried on.

Miss Tipple, who clung to the rector's arm, and with a soft invincibility that was either to hurry her steps or retard his, followed, speeded his motion that Aunt Agatha, with her followers, was out of sight in no time. When she came up, half dragging the shrinking and reluctant Miss Tipple, whose strong objection to immolating either her person or her millinery quite overmastered her curiosity, she heard Aunt Agatha's voice ringing out from the dusty confusion with anything but complimentary exhortations to her recruits, who were pausing irresolute at the entrance.

"Don't you go in, Miss Agatha—now don't you," shouted one of the men. "That ain't safe, really."

"You cowardly loons," said my aunt, "would you let the woman die without help?"

"Don't go, Frank," said Miss Tipple. "You hear it's not safe, and you'll go your coat all over dus—"

Mr. Jordan firmly, but not ungently, removed her grasp.

"Where there is danger and distress, there is the parson's place," said he, and in another moment he had followed Aunt Agatha, the men timidly imitating his example, and leaving Miss Tipple alone with little Job Chalk, of whom she did not condescend to take any notice.

The rickety building was a mere heap of ruins. Some village wiseacre had superimposed on a lath and plaster basement a brick upper story. This angle of the building had fallen in, and in its fall dragged with it older portions of the house, so that now timbers were sloping in all directions, and what had not actually fallen seemed tottering to its fall. Amid this dangerous debris Aunt Agatha was making her way, when some of the boldest of those who were following her started back with a shout of alarm. A thin blue smoke, followed by hungry, vicious-looking tongues of flame was apparent, and even Mr. Jordan and Aunt Agatha, who were now side by side, paused for an instant on seeing these evidences of peril. The hesitation, which was but momentary, did not survive the startled sound of moaning that broke upon the ear.

But Aunt Agatha was no longer allowed to take the command. The soft cooing voice to which she had sometimes listened with something akin to contempt could assume the tone of command, and, strong as she was, and "masterful" as all the village folks said Aunt Agatha was woman in her heart, loving with gladness and submission on a stronger will than her own.

"You will wait here," said Mr. Jordan, "for a few moments: I will call you if you can be of help;" and then, with keen rapid glance sweeping those who were present, he singled out a robust young man, and in a voice that might have led soldiers on to battle, said: "Howard, you come with me."

The young fellow obeyed as a matter of course, and then ensued a short pause of painful suspense. Presently Howard reappeared with a flushed and frightened expression, but evidently putting a strong restraint upon himself.

"Stallybrass and Ward, you be to come with me. Miss Agatha, you be to wait."

But Bob Howard's voice had not the magic of Mr. Jordan's, and she would wait no longer. Pushing her way through the ruins and the smoke with those that had been summoned into what had been Miss Payne's little parlor, she pressed her lips tightly together, and the color fled her face as she saw the motionless form of her old enemy stretched on a couch there, and standing by the side of it the rector, blood streaming from a wound on his head, his coat torn, and one arm hanging listless by his side. Some falling bricks and timber had struck him and had disabled the arm, and lent his appearance should excite alarm he had sent Bob Howard with the message for help and a strict injunction to say nothing beyond what he had been told.

In a few seconds Miss Payne, more frightened than hurt, was moved beyond the reach of peril, and was conveyed to Aunt Agatha's cottage, accompanied by the wounded rector. Aunt Agatha's foresight had already summoned good Dr. Holmes to the place, and hurrying as fast as his lame foot would permit, he reached the cottage almost at the same time as the cavalcade. Miss Tipple, indignant that her cousin should have deserted her for "that woman," had not awaited the issue of the investigation.

Dr. Holmes pronounced Miss Payne to have sustained a very severe shock from fright, but to be free from bodily damage. The rector's arm was broken, but the wound or the bone was only skin deep, and not much more serious than the torn coat.

From that time, for many months, Aunt Agatha's house became Miss Payne's home, and her hostess tended her with all the solicitude of a daughter. A great poet has told us that "the learned eye is still the loving one," and it so happened that in this unwearied tendance and ministration Aunt Agatha discovered not a few unsuspected virtues in the fat, wheezy, puffy old soul, and something like genuine attachment sprang up between them.

A very constant attendant was the Rev. Frank Jordan. Even when his arm was still very painful, and he might well have been excused had he abstained from visiting a parishioner who was in no imminent danger, his solicitude about Miss Payne was remarkable. In spite of the severity of winter snows and frosts, his arm secured by splints and bandages, he would come and sit for a whole ten minutes with Miss Payne, and for whole hours talking with Aunt Agatha—probably about the patient's symptoms.

But the snow melted on the high hills, and the brooks, swoln with their muddy tributes, chatterer noisely down the slopes, and snowdrops and crocuses, daffodils and violets bloomed again, and in due course the breath of the blush roses in the garden was wafted into the cottage.

And then people in the village said, and laughed at each other as they said it, that Miss Tipple was going to give up Barham House and to leave Hilderstock. She had indiscreetly spoken to some bosom friends of her approaching marriage with the rector, and before the chrysanthemums had opened out their second time, wounding his hand.

Various intelligent bystanders now seized Morisset, but he fought them fiercely, crying "seize the murderer," hoping to shield himself by this ruse. Finally he was arrested and his last victim, Dormier, carried to the hospital where he soon died. When Morisset was asked the reason for his somewhat unseemly conduct, from the head of one already damned!" St. Ambroise was down on curls. "They are the insecticina ferme, non precepta virtutis." It was his habit to repeat. Clemens, of Alexandria, used to inform all wig-wearers, both male and female, that when they knelt at church to receive a blessing they must be good enough to recollect that the benediction remained on the wig and could not possibly pass through to the wearer. Nevertheless many retained their inclined crown and took chances in regard to the result. "His state," said this person, Sonlo by name, "was entirely normal." The alleged provocation of the group in Sevres street was due to a false impression. The young man, as Morisset passed, were singing a song, the refrain of which was "Ah! ah! le voila!" and this is all that it had to do with him, according to his own admission.

Morisset, as if foreseeing an argument concerning the degrees of his responsibility, anticipated it by making this strong and solemn declaration.

"I HAVE NO REGRET FOR THE CRIME

Which I have committed. I seek no extenuation, no excuse. I do not wish to be deemed a lunatic and placed in an asylum for the insane. If my attorney pleads insanity for me, he will be a crazier man than I. What I did I wanted to do. I have too much comprehension of the deeds I accomplished to lay them to insanity. I have given much trial and accurate myself; but Morisset, judge would condemn Morisset the assassin."

The conclusions arrived at by the experts were as follows: (1) Morisset is lacking in moral education. Left to himself too early in life, he started wrong. Wishing to acquire more knowledge than his early opportunities would permit, he became an unscrupulous reader. (2) Being as intellectual as he was vain and ambitious, he became the prey early in life of illusions; there in a moment of despair he tried, when only 17, to commit suicide. Later in life, after reading a number of despicable books, his judgment became distorted and he framed a code of ethics for himself. (3) Morisset is not insane. No physician in France would assign him to an insane asylum. (4) The accused is then conscious of his actions and responsible for them; however, considering the cerebral fatigue which he has perhaps undergone, the passionate exaggerations which he has allowed himself to have and the unusual circumstances of the deeds committed by him, it is possible that his responsibility has become weakened.

Sept. 16, 1881, the court of assizes of Indre-et-Loire condemned Lucien Morisset to death, the execution to occur in a few days at Tours. The jurors signed a petition for mercy.

The principal difference between Morisset and Guiteau seems to be that the former is very anxious to appear sane and the latter is very anxious to appear insane; the old question, "Which would you prefer, to be more of a fool than you look, or to seem more of a fool than you are?" would be answered differently by each of these persons.

In comparison with the murderer of our president the Frenchman is a hero.

The Cause of Rheumatism.

[Peck's Sun.]

One of the most remarkable things in medical science is a discovery made by a Philadelphia physician. When so many hundreds of years pass over without any new discovery being made, and when one is made, like vaccination, and they are not dead sure whether it amounts to anything or not, a new discovery, that the discoverer will swear by, is a big thing. This Philadelphia doctor has discovered that rheumatism is the direct result of cold feet. There is no discovery that has ever been made in the human anatomy that stands to reason any more than this. Many thousands of men are going around cripples, and beset with rheumatism, and suffering untold agonies, and they have never known what caused their bones to ache. Of course they know that their wives had cold feet, but they had no idea that every time those No. 2 icicles stood out in the small of the back to get warm, that they were sowing seeds of rheumatism. We presume there is 10c pounds of square rheumatism to every square inch of cold female foot, and the Philadelphia doctor should be thanked by men of rheumatic tendencies, as well as by women of Arctic pedal extremities, for his timely discovery. There is no woman who enjoys seeing her husband in the throes of rheumatic pains, and now that they know that their cold feet have brought about so much suffering, we trust they will try and lead a different life. Of course, we do not expect any woman is going to bed and leave her feet out on the floor, or under a cold stove. This could not be expected. But they can adopt some method to soften the rigors of a hard winter. They can paint their feet a nice warm color, or have a summer sunset painted on the instep, or a fireplace on the bottom of their feet. Anything that will make their feet seem warm will be a relief to the rheumatic husbands. A pair of zinc overshoes to wear in bed would help some very cold feet several degrees. Men are too valuable to be crippled up with rheumatism just for the temporary comfort they can get upon their wives by allowing the small of their backs to be used in lieu of a grate fire. We trust that the cold-footed portion of our female population will look at this matter in its true light, and if necessary leave their feet in the porter's room, attend time and get a clock for them.

SKETCHES.

Divers Matters for Light and Easy Reading.

FALSE HAIR CONSIDERED FROM VARIOUS STANDPOINTS.

Queen Victoria's Life—The Lady Waitress—Female Gamblers—An Obstinate Bride, Etc., Etc.

FALSE HAIR.

A London correspondent, writing of wigs and switches, says: This week we propose to consider the long, graceful switches, which in gentle sex shake out, comb, coil, and reward with a vanity equally sincere and apparent. Indeed, the feelings of the sexes toward these adjuncts, so peculiar to each, are of much a similar, subtle nature as to justify one in considering the subjects akin, even from a metaphysical standpoint. The peculiar sensations that accompanies the beard in its conscious moments, which divided, say into two wards, consists of pride, vanity, and an unknown but an instinctive and pervading quantity accompanies also the conscious moments of the switch. We say "accompanies" because it is sort of indefinite. The feeling, or combination of feeling alluded to, either in the case of the switch or the beard, is not exactly the same prior state of mind to the growth—in one case—nor is it exactly produced by that; or perhaps we would hit it nearer to say that it is both a forerunner and effect, influenced as regards those things, by the other third quantity. It may perhaps be objected that beards and switches are synonymous—overlooking, of course, the gender—that beards and long hair might be identified with each other metaphysically, but not beards and the feminine imitation article. A long, graceful switch expresses the same idea as long, graceful, growing hair does. It is the association. In instances where the latter exists it is the latter that we refer to; in instances of the other we mean that. And we repeat that, in metaphysical analysis—which is the idea that we are taking of it now—it is all one and the same thing.

But it is a lord and the same thing to us, and, as we said, about the same, metaphysically, to them, whether the hair that women coil on their heads be real or false, they have been enjoying their inevitable and innocent hours, a good many, arrayed in dressing-sacques and skirts, and fortified with claret-cobblers and roman punch, are making their pin-money fly, and some of the worst scrapes that married women get into is in trying to account for their lack of jewels to their husbands.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

Queen Victoria's life at Balmoral is simple and uniform. The piper plays under her window every morning at 8; she has breakfasted and is out of doors at 10, from which hour she spends till noon in walking, and occasionally visiting the cottages in the vicinity of the castle; from noon until 5, with half an hour's interval for luncheon, she devotes herself to work which may be termed official—reading the batches, state papers, etc., and writing memoranda and letters in connection therewith; at 5 she sets out for her daily drive, which lasts till 7, and occasionally later. She is described as driving out the other day wearing a black straw hat upon her head, and about her matronly shoulders a large shawl of small check shepherd's plaid—articles of attire much too simple for the wardrobe of a fashionable American.

Queen Victoria's name, says a London letter, will be apt to be a good deal more interesting to Americans since her rea ly remarkable intervention in the Garfield cc amity. It may be generally borne in mind that under the code royal; a president, and especially his w

...Oregonian.
...DECEMBER 11, 1881.

...German prince's greed ...ngs, for dearly as Victoria ...must be owned that he was ...able man. He was up and ...the German in his belief in ...ncess, and he never could ...that the English parliament ...his equal. The great lords of ...hose fathers had been kings ...estors were the court jesters ...eebooters of continental des...nough resented the prince's ...there was no love lost among ...hierarchy. Death, however, ...and England for a time wi...same evidences of national de...been going on in this country ...d.

...ather than queen that Vic...es with Mrs. Garfield, but ...go to England, for example, ...e made to realize the differ...ant mental sympathy of the ...real sentiment of the queen. ...be received as an equal, and, ...violent departure from the ...ould be necessary for the mo...ossible to bring her into the ...alty at all. Remembering, ...Ulysses Grant's bumptious...erting to the Lord Chamber...ant to sit where pa sat, no ...e' court etiquet was." It is ...ex-American dignitaries will ...sideration at the Court of ...re.

...finding with the queen is go...sistence in choosing Scotland ...ant. An American who has ...question speculates in the ...the queen's penchant and the ...future: "She is a descend...tart, some time came out of ...of Scotland, and she remem...resque and romantic loyalty ...d Bruces. Again, the Scots ...s it is termed, untouched by ...osities that haunt or seem to ...r river valleys of ill-treated ...ing the eyes of speculation ...es with eyes of faith the time ...face, and religion have lost ...prestige, when men grow ...in comfortable homes, with ...od for mind and body, but ...and the Irish will yet be as ...ize with the Saxon as the ..."eross the border" without ...s.

...TINATE BRIDE.

...a young man from Northern ...ung lady from the southern ...net at a hotel in Memphis and ...fter the ceremony the young ...d sat in front of the hotel ...p up to the room assigned as ...

...thing married is a life time ...addressing a man who had ...from his wife. "I reckon ...so," he added, turning to a ...I reckon I'll go up. Dinged ...ks to go up thar, too. But I ...of a man an' I don't see why ...l of a woman."

...rapped at the door. ...demanded the girl.

...mine my talk, honey?"

...wide-awake and livin' ...

...that door; you shan't come ...t acquainted with you yet." ...Then fellers downstairs ...n. Open the door, for I'm ...wned like a man waiting for ...dle that you were wide ...

...sir, but I'm powerful sleepy ...you goin' to open this door?"

...arry me?"

...to."

...you let me in?"

...hat to."

...ight. I'll shell out for home ...the hotel bill. ...I never ...that could pull wool over ...

...and the door opened. The ...ntered her. "It won't do ...back again me, lemmy tell ...ead at the cross-roads an'

...RY WAITRESS.

...who has been to Mount ...urses as follows of the lady ...

...persons thrust the bill of ...stood in a protesting, self-...ceive our orders. She was ...a school teacher from Ban...one way being native, to this ...her another questions; but ...is the same high and mighty ...lady waitresses here?"

...ing school-teachers at the ...y student chambermaids, ...ses and under-housekeep...ses."

...ose's disgust at sloppy cor...speak observed critically by ...philosophy and Greek cal...ing a creature who may be ...Atlantic Monthly to bring ...; I couldn't do it. The ...erson, who leisurely carried in ...such easy loads that no two ...at the same moment, to ...el from my lips. The coffee ...t milk or sugar; the beef ...ked, all by itself; the ...ter, the bread, and so for each ...k, why, I swallowed them ...

...Englishman summoned a ...aitress, and called out to our ..."Tray, waiter." You would ...rful. She smiled the sly, ...ounced, and flushed, and bit ...tears were in her eyes and ...bill of fare before the ...if it were a barrel of lead. ...curtly and sharply gave ...e sauntered down the room, ...ngitating her wrongs with ...ieture that posed about the ...

...offended that young per...professor to the Englishman, ...ervant? How?" the dull ...

...g her 'waiter.'"

...; should it be 'waitress?'"

...should she be called, then?" ...essor couldn't answer that ...ggested "high-toned youth...a name that might go trip...gue. But how the lady wait...addressed remains for con...or some other great brain to determine.

...EXTRAVAGANCE.

...Josephine had 400,000 francs ...expenses, but this sum was not ...debts increased to an appall...Notwithstanding the position of ...took her outings in other ...her private life. ...

...toilet connived such time, ...unwearied efforts on the pa...the Hortense of her person. ...these items it was a day, and ...ance kings have ever had now. ...

...brought, to her conjoining ...jewels and bonnets from these ...for the day. She ...ge and 400 shawls, and al...in the morning, which she ...dered were brought ...at the next evening ...which prices, ...meaning. ...ed with flowers, pearls, or ...smallest ...occasion for her to order ...of the beads of ...ices. Bonaparte was furi...dinners. He would fly into ...he would weep and repen...dent, after which the resol...ed. ...

...Alfred the Great's wife ...Ethelswitha, had that favorite of the ...died covered with ribbons ...red satin.

THE FRENCH WOMAN.

[Karl Hillerbrand in Appleton's Journal.]

How much the national character has to do, with t ie predominant part which women play in French society, is seen from the fact that their influence has made itself felt in all periods of French history, and has been in no way impaired by the presence of the bourgeoise on the scene since 1879. The French woman still rules supreme in the salon, in the bureau of the minister, in the family, and even in the house of business, as erst she ruled at court. She has not suffered, as the men have, from the habit of looking at things as mere abstractions. She has preserved intact her sureness of instinct, her intuitive power and her firmness of character, because, unconsciously obeying her true nature, she has not sacrificed them to the abstract formulas of the understanding, or "principles," as they are pompously styled. In point of fact French women deserve to rule, for they are morally and intellectually far superior to the men. They are formed by nature to excel in what are specially national virtues -love of order, thrift and domestic affection. Cool, calculating and practical, they are perhaps less easily troubled by conscientious scruples than the men, have a quicker and surer eye for the family interest, and follow it up with more energy. They are unsurpassed in their talent for housekeeping, for they manage the household with a firm and careful hand, without constantly talking about it, like German ladies. Many of them actually superintend their husband's business, which may explain the want of enterprise in French commerce. For the woman only looks to the profit which lies immediately before her; she does not willingly venture after a distant and uncertain gain, and has no taste for speculations attended by any risk. A French woman is never likely to lack boldness and perseverance in pushing her way; she has plenty of natural common sense and has not muddled it with "principles." She is the cleverest of mortals in turning to account any natural advantages, however slight, which she may possess, be it a pretty foot or a pretty voice. She is in the highest degree ambitious, passionate, though outwardly calm and self-controlled; never wanting in tact, elegant in her dress, adorned with a natural grace which it is the special aim of her education to foster; above all, endowed with character and determination. Possessed of such qualities, she guides her husband or brother or son; she urges him forward, makes the way smooth for him, undertakes any necessary business which may be distasteful to him; in a word, she first wins him his position in life and then helps him to assert it. To the prominent part which women play in France is largely due the peculiar tendency of French society and politics. The passionate pursuit of an immediate gain or interest has always been characteristic of French policy whenever it has not been aiming at the realization of abstract ideas. And, after aplomb, esprit and bon sens, it is grace, cleverness and vivacity which makes society what it is.

It is the influence of women which makes French life so pleasant, and not for the women alone. In conversation a French woman is a born artist. She has not only a natural talent for it, which the men have in an equal degree, but she expresses herself with a freedom and naturalness which makes the avoidance of any subject unnecessary; and the higher her position in society the more free and natural is her conversation. Anything like English prudery never enters her head; she calls a spade a spade, and thinks no more about it. What a German or English woman uses a hundred circumlocutions and blushes twenty times over, a young French lady speaks quite simply of the time of her grossesse as of the most natural thing in the world, which, after all, it is. The absence of all sensual arrière-pensees renders friendship between persons of different sexes possible and even frequent in France. There are countries where this relation is apt to glide into a connection more close than honest; others where it explodes in an outbreak of passion; whereas in France it often lasts for years, with all the attraction which springs from difference of sex, and without degenerating into too great warmth of feeling. Although, if we look more deeply, we might find thus a cool, reasoning spirit is essential to this relation, it is yet among the best and most permanent ingredients of French life.

Of course, in discussing the female element in French society, I am only speaking of married women. Within the last twenty years or so, it is true, it has become usual for daughters to be taken to balls, which serve as a kind of market where a man who wants to marry can look out for a wife without compromising himself, but the daily social intercourse between girls and young men, which is so common in Germany, and still more in England, is strictly forbidden in France. Games, readings, picnics, skating parties and private theatricals are comparatively rare, but when they do occur, girls take no part in them. The closest companions often do not know each other's sisters. A young man does not care to introduce a friend to his family, lest he should imagine that they contemplate a match between him and one of the daughters, while the friend in his turn does not ask to be presented lest he should appear to come as a suitor. This of course puts a stop to all easy intercourse and closer acquaintanceship between young unmarried people, and gives a color and a ground-tone to French society very different from those which prevail among Germanic peoples. French girls have as little idea of what we call flirtation, with its good and bad sides and consequences, as they have of friendship and companionship with young men.

WHO PUNCHES THE COINS.

[New York Evening Post.]

A reporter asked James N. Sampson, the veteran detective at the sub-treasury, to what the government detectives attributed the sudden increase in the number of clipped and punched coins, which has attracted so much attention of late. Mr. Sampson said that it was perfectly well known that nine-tenths of the punching was done in this city by Cubans. A number of silver coins were clamped together in a roll, and in less time than it takes to write an account of it a hole is drilled through the whole lot. The value of the silver obtained by punching a hole of usual size in a coin amounts to about one-twenty-fifth of the value of the coin, so that for every fifty of twenty five quarter dollars the value of one quarter-dollar is obtained in a moment by running a drill through the roll. Mr. Sampson says, also, that many of the punched coins come from Mexico and South America, where our silver coins circulate freely, and rarely escape mutilation. Several attempts have been made of late years to break up the systematic punching of coins, but with little success. Only two convictions for the offense have been made in ten years. Mr. Sampson remarked that, while the business of punching and filing coins was almost wholly in the hands of the Cubans, the business of sweating gold coins by shaking them up in a buckskin bag is attributed by the detectives to the denizens of Chatham street. By shaking a bag containing 100 eagles for three hours the result in gold dust will be worth about $20. Mr. Floyd, the chief clerk of the assay office, said that the government rules relating to light-weight gold coins were defective, and tended to keep such coins in circulation. When a gold coin less than twenty years old is abraded to more than ½ per cent. of its value, it is stamped with an "L" at the subtreasury and returned to whoever offered it, instead of being sent to the mint. The object is to force the holder to take it to the assay office or mint to be sold at its face value, instead of which it goes into circulation again. The trouble is that congress has never made any provision for redeeming mutilated or even abraded coin. Many persons think that all pieces that have been worn down beyond recognition in actual service should be redeemed at par. The difficulty is to tell when a piece has been worn smooth through use or brought to that condition by sweating or other artificial means. Mr. Floyd considers that the mutilation of silver coin does not need government interference, because unlike the abrasion of gold, the mutilation of a silver coin can be detected at once, and it rests with the public to drive such coins out of circulation.

Around the Fire.

[From the New York Herald.]

Any one who denies that man is a creature of circumstances should ponder the effect of the first fire on the hearthstone. In large cities the fireside is merely a figurative expression, for an iron grating in wall or floor, through which hot air ascends from a furnace in the cellar, is the usual substitute for the broad fireplace of our ancestors; but on the first cold night even a hot air register works a remarkable change in family manners and ways. Until the mercury fell some of the lady members of the family hugged open windows in the evening, others lounged in their own rooms, while the head of the house and the grown up sons strolled out of doors, going nowhere in particular, but objecting strongly to being within closed doors. On the first cold night, however, all cluster together around the grate, stove or register, and each seems to have gained a new interest in everybody else.

Perhaps evening calls should be made, or there are plays that all want to see, but somehow home has suddenly become so interesting that no one cares to leave it, unless it is the young man who is specially interested in some other man's sister, and even he does not start as hastily on his regular evening visit as he did earlier in the season. Friends who drop in seem more interesting than ever before, and they have a similar impression of their entertainers. The appearance of having been born tired and never recovered from it, peculiar to most adult Americans in the summer season, disappears as if by magic, and with it goes the general aversion to doing anything that each finds finds so provoking in others yet persistently manifests in his own ways. The head of the house will discuss desirable improvements and pleasures without groaning at the expense; his wife does not find the children so troublesome and unreasonable as they were, and the little people are not absolutely dependent upon pocket money for their amusement. The baby sounds sweeter than ever before, and even those who have colds do not excuse themselves from joining in a song; brothers and sisters will dash into an impromptu waltz with only one another for partners, and the children do not weep dismally when sent to bed. The autumn fire stimulates the finest social qualities of civilization. What we would be without it is shown by the defects of even the highest social standards in countries where the weather is warm the year round.

CARY OF CARSON.

[The following poem, by Charles G. Leland, it the New York *World*, was suggested by a police court item that appeared in the Carson *Appeal* some time ago:]

The night midst dim and darkling,
As o'er the roads we pass,
Lies in the morning sparkling
As dew-drops on the grass.
E'en so the deeds of darkness,
Which come like midnight dews
Appear as sparkling items
Next morning in the news.

Away in Carson City,
Far in the Silver Land,
There lives one Justice Cary,
A man of head and hand;
And as upon his table
The judge a-smoking sat
There rowdied in a rougher
Who wore a gallows hat.

He looked upon the justice,
But justice does not budge
Until the other warbled,
"Say—don't you know me, Judge?"
"I think," said Cary meekly,
"Your face full well I know—
I sent you up for stealing
A horse a year ago."

"Ay, that is just the hair-pin
I am, and that's my line:
And here is twenty dollars
I've brought to pay my fine."
"You owe no fine," said Cary,
"Your punishment is o'er."
"Not yet," replied the rover,
"I've come to have some more."

"Fust-rate assault and battery
I'm going to commit,
And you're the mournful victim
That I intend to hit,
And give you such a scrapin'
As never was, nohow;
And so, to save the lawin',
I guess I'll settle now."

Up rose the Court in splendor:
"Young man, your start is fair,
Sail in my son, suit over,
And we will call it square!
Go in upon your chances—
Perhaps you may not miss;
I like to see young heroes'
Ambitionin' like this."

The young one at the older
Went in with all his heft,
And, like a flying boulder,
At once let out his left.
The Court, in haste, ducked under
His head uncommon spry,
Then lifted the intruder
With a puncher in the eye.

A regular right hander;
And like a cannon ball,
The young man, when precussioned,
Went over on the wall.
In just about a second,
The Court, with all its vim,
Like squash vines o'er a meadow,
Went climbing over him.

Yes, as the pumpkin clambers
Above an Indian grave,
Or as the Mississippi
Inunders with its wave,
And merrily slops over
A town in happy sport,
E'en so that rush was clambered
All over by the Court.

And in about a minute
That party was so raw,
He would have seemed a stranger
Unto his dearest squaw;
Till he was soft and tender,
This morsel once so tough,
And then in sad surrender,
He moaned aloud, "Enough!"

He rose, and Justice Cary,
Said to him ere he went,
"I do not think the fightin'
You did was worth a cent.
I charge for time two dollars,
As lawyers should, 'tis plain;
The balance of the twenty
I give you back again.

"I like to be obligin'
To folks with all my powers,
So when you next want fightin'
Don't come in office hours;
I only make my charges
For what's in legal time—
Drop in my son, this evenin'
And I'll not charge a dime."

The young man took the guerdon,
As he had ta'en the scars;
And took himself away ward
To the Ginis City cars.
'Tis glorious when heroes
Go to right their wrongs;
But if you're only hair-pins,
Oh, then beware of tongs.

Farming in Dakota.

[From the Brooklyn Eagle.]

"Yes, sir," resumed the Dakota man, as the crowd of agriculturists drew back from the bar and seated themselves around a little table, "Yes, sir, we do things on rather a sizable scale. I have seen a man on one of our big farms start out in the spring and plow a straight furrow until fall. Then he turned round and harvested back."

"Carry his grub with him?" asked a Brooklyn farmer, who raises cabbage on the outskirts.

"No, sir. They follow him up with a steam hotel and have relays of men to change plows for him. We have some big farms up there, gentlemen. A friend of mine owned one on which he had to give a mortgage, and I pledge you my word the mortgage was due on one end before they could get it recorded at the other. You see it was laid off in counties."

There was a murmur of astonishment, and the Dakota man continued:

"I have got a letter from a man who lives in my orchard, just before I left home, and it had been three weeks getting to the dwelling-house, though it traveled night and day."

"Distances are pretty wide up there, ain't they?" inquired a New Utrecht agriculturist.

"Reasonably, reasonably," replied the Dakota man. "Two years ago I saw a whole family prostrated with grief. Women yelling, children howling and dogs barking. One of my men had his camp truck packed on a seven four-mule teams and he was around bidding everybody good bye."

"Where was he going?" asked a Gravesend man.

"He was going half way across the farm to feed the pigs," replied the Dakota man."

"Did he ever get back to his family?"

"It isn't time for him," returned the Dakota gentleman. "Up there we send young married men to milk the cows and their children bring home the milk."

"I understand you have fine mines up that way," ventured a Jamaica turnip planter.

"Yes, but we only use the quartz for fencing," said the Dakota man, testing the blade of his knife with his thumb, preparatory to whetting it on his boot. "It wouldn't pay to crush it, because we can make more on wheat I put in 8,000 townships of wheat last spring."

"How many acres would that be?"

"We don't count by acres. We count by townships and counties. My yield was $68 000,000 on wheat alone, and I'm thinking of breaking up from eighty to a hundred more counties next season."

"How do you get help for such extensive operations?" asked the New Utrecht man.

"Oh! labor is cheap" replied the Dakota man. "You can get all you want for from $29 to $47 a day. In fact I never paid over $98."

"Is land cheap?"

"No, land is high. Not that it costs anything, for it don't; but under the laws of the Territory you have got to take so much or none. I was in luck. Had a friend at Yankton who got a bill through the Legislature, allowing me to take 420,000 square miles, which is the smallest farm there, though it is——"

"Look here," said the barkeeper, as the Eastern husbandmen scrolled out in a bunch to consider the last statement, "Is all this you've been telling true?"

"Certainly" responded the Western man; "at least it is a modification of what I saw in a Dakota paper that was wrapped around a pair of shoes last night. I didn't dare to put it as strong as the paper did, for no one would believe it. You can state the last around of drinks and I'll pay in the morning. I live right here on Myrtle avenue.

STRATEGY VERSUS STRENGTH.

Harper's Magazine for December.

The sand-hornet is the greatest villon that flies on insect wings, and he is built for a professional murderer. He carries two keen cimeters besides a deadly poisoned pontiard, and is armed throughout with an invulnerable coat of mail. He has things all his own way; he lives a life of tyranny and feeds on blood. There are few birds done that I know of—that care to swallow such a red hot morsel. It is said that not even the butcher bird hankers after him. The toad will not touch him, seeming to know by instinct what sort of a chain-lightning he contains. Among insects this hornet is the happy eagle, and nearly all of them are at his mercy. Even the cicada or drumming harvest fly, an insect often larger and heavier than himself, is his very common victim. Considering these characteristics, it was of special interest to witness such an incident as I have here pictured, where one of these huge tyrants was actually captured and overpowered by the strategy of three black ants.

I had left the meadow and was ascending a spur of the mountain by the edge of a pine wood, when suddenly I espied the hornet in question almost at my feet. He immediately took to wing, and as he flew on ahead of me I observed a long pendent object dangling from his body. The incumbrance proved too great an obstacle for continuous flight, and he soon dropped again upon the path, a rod or so in advance of me. I overtook him, and on a close inspection discovered a plucky black ant clutching tightly with its teeth upon the hind foot of its captive, while with its two hind legs it clung desperately to a long pluster of pine needles which it carried as a dead weight. No sooner did the hornet touch the ground than the ant began to tug and yell for help. There were certainly evidences to warrant such a belief, for a second ant immediately appeared upon the scene, emerging hurriedly from a neighboring thicket of pine tree moss. He was too late, however, for the hornet again sought escape in flight. But this attempt was even more futile than the former, for that plucky little assailant had now laid hold of another impediment, and this time not only the long pine-needles, but a small branched stick as well, went swinging through the air. Only a yard or so was covered in this flight; and as the ant still yelled for re-inforcements, its companion again appeared, and rushed upon the common foe with such furious zeal that I felt like patting him on the back. The whole significance of the scene he had taken in at a glance, and in an instant he had taken a vise-like grip upon the other hind leg. Now came the final tug of war. The hornet tried to rise, but this second passenger was too much for him; he could only buzz along the ground, dragging his load after him, while his new assailant clutched desperately at everything within its reach, now a dried leaf, now a tiny stone, and even overturning an acorn cup in its grasp. Finally, a small rough stick the size of a match was secured, and this proved the "last straw." In vain were the struggles of escape. The hornet could do no more than lift its body from the ground. He rolled and kicked and tumbled, but to no purpose, except to make it very lively for his captors; and the thrusts of that lively dagger were wasted on the desert air, for whether or not those ants knew its searching propensities, they certainly managed to keep clear of this busy extremity.

How long this pell-mell battle would have lasted I know not, for a third ant now appeared, and it was astonishing to see him, with every movement of the hornet, he in turn would lay hold of a third stick, and at the same time clutch upon those pine-needles to add their impediment to the burden of his own body.

Practically the ants had won the victory, but what they intended to do with the floundering elephant in their hands seemed a problem. But to them it was only a question of patience. They had now pinned their victim securely, and held him to await assistance. It came. The entire neighborhood had been appraised of the battle, and in less than five minutes the ground swarmed with an army of re-inforcements. They came from all directions; they pitched upon that hornet with terrible ferocity, and his complete destruction was now only a question of moments.

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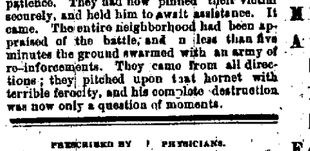

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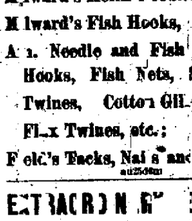

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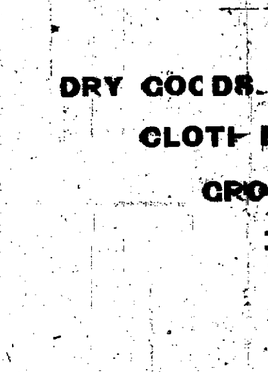

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House-Furnishing Hardware,

FORCE & LIFT PUMPS,

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE

Oregon Stove Foundry.

ROLLER SKATING AND BICYCLE SCHOOL

Will be opened at

Mechanics' Pavilion, Saturday, Nov. 19th.

WILL BE OPEN MORNINGS FROM 9 TO 12; afternoons 2 to 5, and evenings from 7:30 to 10. RATES—Ladies and children free; use of skates, 5c; gentlemen, 10c; admission (evenings) use of skates, 5c additional. Admission free to all during the day.

The skates and bicycles are of the best and most expensive patterns manufactured.

Suitable rules are enforced and good order kept; so the most fastidious may rely upon being suited.

Saturday evenings gentlemen will be charged 10c admission, 5c for use of skates. This additional charge is made in order to favor good skaters with a less crowded floor and a longer session.

There will be bicycle exercises, comic, fancy or fast skating every evening. nl8 J. L. WALTON, Manager.

The Young Ladies of the Congregational Church will give

A SOCIAL

IN THE VESTRY,

NEXT MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 12th,

For the Benefit of the Sunday School.

ADMISSION FREE. A Cordial Welcome is extended to all.

d9&10 18*1.

GRAIN BAGS,

NEW AND RETURNED,

FOR SALE BY

BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & Co.

sep28

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

The Home Mutual Insurance Co.

OF CALIFORNIA.

WILL PAY ITS REGULAR MONTHLY DIVIDEND of one per cent. upon its capital stock to the Oregon Stockholders on and after Dec 10 at the office of its agency, southeast corner of Ware and Front streets, Portland. GEO. L. STORY, Manager.

d10dtf

HENDRICKS TRUSS

Cures in 30 to 90 Days. No cure, no pay. Enclose stamp for circular and price list. H. W. HENDRICKS, 78 Morrison st., Portland, Or. Also agent for Dupree Galvanic Belt.

...day, Nov. 19th.

...NINGS FROM 9 TO 12; ...evenings from 7:30 to 10. ...handled first use of skates, 5c; ...Admission free to all during the day. ...ates and bicycles are of the best and most ex...pensive patterns manufactured. ...Suitable rules are enforced and good order kept; so ...the most fastidious may rely upon being suited. ...Saturday evenings gentlemen will be charged 25c ...admission, 5c for use of skates. This additional charge ...is made in order to favor good skaters with a less ...crowded floor and a longer session. ...There will be bicycle exercises, comic, fancy or fast ...skating every evening. nl8 J. L. WALTON, Manager.

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PORTLAND R.

BUTTERICK'S

Patterns—December Styles.

Send stamp for catalogue.

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Oliver Optic, Waverly Novels, Mrs. Holmes, Charles Dickens, Macaulay,

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CITY BOOK STORE,

HILL & BARR,

171 First St., near Yamhill.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®
NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®

The Daily Or
SATURDAY MORNING, D

FINANCE AND COM

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 9 — St
London bankers, 60 days, 4 8
mentary, 34 79.
Transfers—2@30.
New York, Dec. 9.—Sterlin
bankers', long, 4 84; short, 4
cial, from 16@1c lower; docu
Silver bullion, 1060 fine 9
U. S. Bonds—3's, 100¾; 4's,
4 P. M.—Consols 99 3-16 m

New York Stock

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Silver
4's governments higher; stock
Chicklilver, 13¾; Pacific, 44
Fargo, 135; N. Y. C., 130¾;
134; Union Pacific, 119½; bond
bonds, 115¾; Sutro, 1¼.

Entered at the custom house t
nyadors, Roberts master, 1110 t
Mexico, in ballast.
Cleared: Br bark, Woodhall, C
centals wheat for Queenstown.

NEW YORK FREIGHTS

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—The freig
fairly active, and leading ships
ing very well, although manifest
what behind in deliveries. On th
pers are anxious, as they desire to
off by the close of the year. Ra
and firm at last quotations. Tonn
scarce. An early engagement
the David Crockett, which
to-day. Steamer freights
there is lack of freight for th
10th. The Mail company held a
which all the directors were pre
tee appointed by officers of ove
ported that they had offered to
company the China line of ste
regarding $1,450,000, provided the
panies would enter into an agre
the subsidy of $110,000 a month
committee recommended that in
the railroad companies to accep
that the president of the Pacific
rected to obtain passengers and
terms obtainable. The report w
recommendation adopted. It is
railroad companies have refus
proposition, and that the Pacific
reduced immediately to whatever
to utilize the full capacity of its
Markets dull the most part raw
Wheat—Remained steady and
subsequently lost, together wit
export demand was better, w
there was much activity.
Barley—Quiet.
Provisions—Dull and nomina
Rio Coffee—In better demand.
Refined Sugar—Quiet and ste
Rides—Quiet, and although n
are steady.
Turpentine—Firmer under
Hops—Rather quiet, and ne
ness. Sales, 8 bales of Califo

Chicago Wea

CHICAGO, Dec. 9.—At wool
were dead, consisting chiefl
No material change to price.

Shipping Inte
BY TELEGR

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 9.—Ar
Caroline, for Portland; Br bk Lap
Bussell, for Hyogo; Castle
Bowers, Cook; Fr bk Valen
New York; Dec. 9.—Sailed
Liverpool; Dec. 8.—Arrive
Queenstown, Dec. 7.—Arri
San Francisco.
Sailed—Nov. 9.—Lat. 10 N
Sailed, St. Nazaire to Portla
Nov. 26.—Br ship Scottish R
Queenstown, 90 days out.
Liverpool, Nov. 24.—In p
tons, for Portland, Oregon;
Hong Kong.
Tacoma, Dec. 9.—Arrived-
cisco.
Astoria, Dec. 9.—Str City
11 A. M.; the State of Califo
M.; left for Portland at 12.
down in tow of the Ordway

SAN FRANCISCO STO

MORNING SE

130 Occidental.....6¾@6¾
630 Mexican.....10¼@10¾
580 C. & C.....183@183½
360 E. & E.....¾
330 G. & O.....3¾
225 Savage.....2 90
800 Gale.....45c
200 Con. Va.....1 55
510 Chollar.....1 30
100 Potosi.....1 15
110 N. & N.....1 80
120 Point.....1 10
135 Jacket.....3 00@3 01
1000 Imperial.....1 10
90 Kentuck.....95c
405 Belcher.....1 85@1 90
360 S. Nev.....10¾

AFTERNOON

30 Eureka.....13¾
35 N. Belle.....10¾
550 Day.....2 40
400 E. Mc Diablo...80@85
2100 Belding.....29@35c
40 Bodie.....2 60
30 Bulwer.....2 50
1000 Concordia.....1 80

FEEBLE LA

Those languid, tiresome wo
to feel scarcely able to be
stant drain that is taking
elasticity; driving the bloo
continual strain upon your
you irritable
the use of the
regularities and obstruction
lieved at once, while the spee
pain is permanently removed.
—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

The supremacy is favor of
hot or ice water, milk, etc., is a f
ted by connoisseurs. Taken hot
and colds.
Sold by all Grocers, Wine Me
gists. Trade supplied by Riche
Agents for Pacific coast, San Fra

The Peruvian Syrup has cured thousands who
were suffering from Dyspepsia, Debility, Liver Com-
plaint, Boils, Humors, Female Complaints, etc.
Pimples free to any address. Seth W. Fowle &
Sons, Boston.

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Manufacturers of
BROOMS AND WOODEN WARE, AND
IMPORTERS OF WILLOW WARE
Nos. 13 and 14 North Front St.

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Paints, Oils, Glass, Brushes,
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ply. CIRCULARS, giving FULL description, sent on ap-
plication. J. H. CHAMBERS,
St. Louis, Mo. Chicago, Ill. Atlanta, Ga.
m18dim ow1

CATARRH!
If you are suffering with Catarrhal headache,
or Catarrh in any way, go to Plummer & Dyer-
's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of Dr.
KAESNER'S CATARRH REMEDY! m18dim

KOLLIN & MORELAND, Attys. for Executors.
Dated at Portland, Dec. 9, 1881. d10d10w4t

ROLLED GOLD JEWELRY,
SOLID GOLD JEWELRY,
The Finest Quality DIAMONDS,
PARISIAN DIAMONDS,
SILVERWARE SPECIALTIES, etc.
NEW YORK JEWELRY CO.,
(Morse's Palace) 163 First St.

Sunday Oregonian.
SUNDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 11, 1881.

THE VIENNA FIRE.

OVER ONE THOUSAND VICTIMS OF THE AWFUL HOLOCAUST.

Further Particulars of the Frightful Catastrophe.

SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE OREGONIAN.]

VIENNA, Nov. 9—Midnight.—The extent of the calamity has hitherto been much understated. One thousand one hundred and thirty persons are announced at the police bureau as missing, and something that many of these will turn up, it is feared that the total loss will not be much less than a thousand persons. It is now probable that there were 600 in the fourth gallery. All persons in the tiered row of the parquette perished. Some persons who entered the theater some minutes after the fire was discovered regretted, at the time, that comparatively few escaped. The theater holds two thousand and every place was occupied, except the parquette and boxes, consequently the total loss may be found to be nearly one thousand.

Three hundred and sixty tickets were issued for the fourth gallery. Of these about fifty have been found. They had made their escape from the inside only to find death by suffocation in the passageway, which had no exit. The rest were up to 3 o'clock this afternoon, seen lying within the fatal gallery,—vast barricades of human bodies. About 5 o'clock the fourth gallery fell in, and the firemen are carrying out heaps of charred bodies without form and far beyond possibility of recognition. Who those victims are will not be known until their relatives have announced them as missing.

A long list of dead and missing appear to-night. Among those already identified are a Polish deputy, Pempowski, and wife; Max Ritter, Von Bitter, a banker; C. Z. Erny, Mr. Carr, described as an American banker; C. Z. Erny, Mr. Carr, described as an American; Wilhis, a student from Scotland; Dr. Boog and can; Wilhis, a student from Scotland; Dr. Boog and his young wife; Prof. Loewan and wife of Nicholsburg; the architect, Melkoff, of Vienna; Siegmund Rasbiarg, a broker; Anton Lip, apothecary; Rockod, a merchant of Duschinski; a student and three chorus singers. Among the missing are three professors and several students of the Fyler military preparing school, and among them is young Count Siegmund Fess. The sights of hundreds of children looking for their parents and parents for children was beart rending. The immense crowd stood silent as death, watching the flames. The telegraph office, only two minutes' walk away from the fire, was crowded by persons who had escaped, and who informed their friends and relatives of their safety to allay fears. I heard many Americans cabling home that they were among the living. The generally accepted theory of the origin of the fire is the accidental upsetting of a small spirit lamp. The first set of "Contes de Hoffman" represents students in a beer house in which a lamp is used. This set has to one of the side scenes; and the flames extended in a moment to the flies. Three of the grand dukes were present last night at the scene of the disaster, watching the finding of the dead. The emperor has telegraphed for full details to be sent to Gastein. Descriptions have been opened by all Vienna papers for the relief of sufferers.

Persons who have been the dead in the fourth gallery describe the bodies as all lying in the position which they had fallen, forward, backward, upward, behind, and together in convulsive clinging masses. They were unable to leave the gallery because the doors opened inward. Even had they escaped death here it is scarcely possible they would have escaped in the passages and narrow stairways. Plunged in total darkness and filled with suffocating fumes death came to them quickly, however. A young Hungarian student who was in the third gallery told me that no sooner did the fire break into the auditorium than the air became insufferably stifling. He managed to escape, but in the new several fell down suffocated before he reached the stairs, and he only escaped by finding his way quickly to the window of the upper loggia, from which he descended through the pitch dark passages. Two upper galleries through the pitch dark passages. Many fell at the narrow winding stairway leading from one gallery to the other. In the narrow circular stairway leading from the second to the third gallery 30 bodies were found fallen together. Brown, gallery 30 bodies were found fallen together. Brown, of the firm of Brown Bros. & Co., of New York, who with his wife and entire family visited the King theater on Thursday afternoon at the matinee concert, and therefore left their hotel about the hour before the catastrophe, says that the stairways are narrow and winding, leading from the lobby to the parquette, and the seats were crowded. Only enough for two persons abreast, and that had to be moved after arriving in the pit, never to take his family into such a death trap. The difficulty of escaping even after leaving the auditorium may be gathered from the narration of a young man who had a seat in the gallery. He says that the galleries were quite filled. The American medical students, of whom there are 150 in Vienna, and who usually frequent low price places, seem to have kept away altogether on that fatal night. Prof. Engel, not reported as missing although six German and Hungarian fellow students are among the dead. An eye witness said that as soon as the fire burst through the curtains into the auditorium a terrific scene followed in the entire house. To spring and hasten to the exit was the work of a moment. In the corridor the deepest darkness prevailed. With many others I tried to make my way to the back. I caught hold of the coat of a person before me and my own was held by a string of others behind me. Thus we groped our way to the stairs where also it was pitch dark. All fell on one another but finally we reached the grand loggia. While escaping we heard piercing shrieks of unfortunates who were either crushed to death or suffocated by smoke and flames. Those who could not escape by the stairs hastened to the balcony of the loggia. It was a terrible time. A dense crowd struggled together, those behind urging those in front to "spring out or we shall all die." Some made the spring and were caught by the police below. Terrific leaps from the loggia were brought and the life leap could be made in safety. But few seemed to have escaped so easily.

To look at the dead bodies in the morgue and at the Stadttheater fills more of the terrible death which the victims met than the report that any eye witness has yet given. Some appear to have died from suffocation. Two beautiful girls, one of them with their faces scarcely disfigured, looking as if asleep. Another youthful female figure lies there with only a charred stump of her neck remaining, while her body and lower extremities are untouched. The lines of her underclothing is as spotless and white as when on the evening of the fatal day she dressed herself for the play. Her death is described easily. Caught in the dense surging crowd the flames descended upon them all, charring and consuming only the heads with the fiery heat. Most of the better preserved bodies show one arm uplifted as if struggling for freedom while the other hand is closely pressed to the mouth to shut out the deadly strangling breath of fire. Others have the heads and upper part of their bodies without disfigurement, while the feet and legs are charred off, other victims are represented by the trunk alone, the head, feet and legs missing entirely. Those who were exposed to the flames are dark as Africans, but with form and features often faithfully preserved. The other bodies retain the form of the last despairing struggle, the first cramp of agony, their features. Oh no are fair women, some with diamond rings still glittering on their fingers, the only objects which being can possibly be recognized by, have been transported to death and partly consumed by the fire. Some have skulls crushed in, limbs distorted and broken. From others bowels protruded, a horrifying sight. But why continue the ghastly list? So far only a dozen people have been reported as having escaped wounded but with life from the catastrophe. The rest are all dead, and all this fearful result is due to crim nal carelessness, neglect and lack of ordinary precautions of safety.

The week after the Ring fire the police authorities ordered that Director Jonour should have a reserve of petroleum lights in all passages and galleries in case of extinction of the gas, that a sufficient number of water pipes should be put in, and that fire escape chests should be placed before the dress scene, to be let down in case of fire on the stage. Six months have passed since this order, and a fire broke out in the scene on the stage. How the fire originated is immaterial, and nobody seems to know really how it did originate, whether by the overturning of a paraffine lamp on the stage or by carelessness of a man lighting lights in flies, or whether the scenery was driven by a draught to the flies in the rear of the stage on the side of the auditorium. Every precaution for the security of the audience was there, except drill and discipline of the attendants, who, with their director, are responsible for the catastrophe.

The audience was helpless. The bravest man could do nothing. The shouts of director Jonour to the audience endeavoring to quiet them by saying that there was no danger, reads to-day like the act of a man deprived of his senses. The calmest head, the bravest heart, could have done nothing to save those nearest and dearest to him. It was almost impossible to save any one but oneself. Several of those who escaped are to-day insane.

Last night about midnight a young man who belonged by his dress to the upper classes, was found in a side street near the burning theatre, bareheaded and nothing on, frantically expressed in his gesticulating eyes, and crying out incessantly a single word, "Amalie! Amalie!" He held a strip of fur worn by ladies around the neck hysterically to his bosom. "Where do you live? have courage," said a compassionate bystander, but his only answer was "Amalie! Amalie! I sprang down, but she is being burnt within! She is being burnt within!"

Two hand officials and 20 members of the fruit exchange are missing. A score of medical students are among the victims. The majority of the dead are hard workers, clerks and people of limited means.

The Vienna fire department proved itself supremely insufficient. There was only one fire engine giving a stream scarcely larger than a finger, and it could not reach the upper portion of the house. The hand engines were fed from water butts filled from barrels driven to the ground. There were no fire escapes, and the ladders came late on the ground, and when they arrived much time was lost in planting them. There was a great display of military, who kept order, but few officials or firemen and apparatus there was a lamentable lack.

A Curious View of the Case.

[New York Sun.]

It is natural to express disgust at the outbreaks of Guiteau in court. But has the thought occurred to those who object, that Guiteau is in this way coining under the practical study of the jury for many days together, as he could not if silenced?

Hurry it up.

[Cincinnati Commercial.]

Guiteau has to die and that very soon—if not in on a way, in another. If he is not strangled officially, his brains will be blown out unofficially; and the reputation of the country would suffer more from a tedious and inconclusive exhibition in the court of the paralysis of justice, that appears often in criminal trials, than from the appearance of Judge Lynch.

More Likely Absconded.

ATTANOOGA, Dec. 10.—George W. Kuyler, cashier railroad office has been missing since 9. It is feared he has been foully dealt had a large sum of the company's money

WASHINGTON CITY.

The House Committees.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 9.—Speaker Keifer said to-day that nothing had yet been done in regard to the committees chairmanship of the house which might not be undone to-day. As to the composition of the committees he maintains great reticence. The impression prevails that he will announce them next week, but there is no authority from him for the statement. It is thought very probable, however, that in view of the acknowledged complications surrounding the Utah case the speaker will announce the committees on election Tuesday, so that the committees on election Tuesday, so that the committees may be taken in hand by the committee without delay.

The Fight over the Virginia Senatorship.

George C. Gorham in to-day's *Republican* asserts that in an interview with President Arthur last evening the president explicitly denied having espoused the cause of Lewis for re-election in opposition to Riddleberger. The statement that he has done so was made public by friends of Lewis in this city, some of whom claimed they heard the president say that he thought a republican should be elected, and that Lewis had better claims than others. A republican senator speaking of the Virginia senatorial contest to-day said: "I think a republican can ought to be elected, but Riddleberger will get it. Making bargains based upon Riddleberger and his election will be determined upon Riddleberger and he will elect him. Mahone is one of the most determined fighters I ever saw. He did not want us to give up the fight in extra session over the Lynchburg postmastership. He insisted on going right ahead if it took until December, but was satisfied, I think, when the president assured him he would appoint Stratham."

Senatorial Notes.

Senator Beck will next Tuesday, call up his resolution to instruct the judiciary committee to examine into the constitutionality of the laws of the United States conferring upon congress, relating to the death, resignation or inability of the president, and report whether any further legislation is necessary, and will then make a speech upon the subject.

Senator Edmunds says, he sees no reason why this congress should not get through with its business and adjourn by the 15th of May. Senator Cockrell agrees with Edmunds and says that all the business that will be done, can be gotten through with by the middle of May. "In my opinion," says he, "the republicans will keep us pretty close to work. They want to set us an example and to that end we will work up pretty close to the holidays and they will not give us as long a recess as we have been in the habit of taking."

Eavesdroppers Around.

Secretary Folger says eavesdropping or tree-hery is the cause of reports of his decision on government calls getting to Wall street before the official order.

Judge Swaim's Decision.

Judge Swaim denies he approves the finding in the Whittaker case, and will not say what the decision is until submitted to the secretary of war.

A Story Disbelieved.

President Strong discredits the reports of gigantic frauds in Arkansas. Cypress and Santa Fe contracts have been unearthed but evasion. Small frauds have been unearthed but evasion. Small frauds have been uncovered but the dearman is the heaviest man yet implicated, and the total amount less than $100,000.

Blaine and the Cabinet.

Much has been said about alleged efforts of Secretary Blaine to reunite in the cabinet, but the truth is he was one of the first to insist upon ret ring. The president said to a republican senator recently, that if Blaine had not insisted upon resigning, he would have allowed Garfield's cabinet to remain intact until the 4th of March. Blaine would go out and this compelled the breaking up of the cabinet.

Cameron's Mistake.

Senator Cameron is antagonizing Representative Scranton in the appointment of a postmaster. Scranton committed himself to a man named Smith and when he supposed everything was all right Cameron claimed the place for another man. This may cause a split in the Cameron party in Pennsylvania.

NOVA SCOTIA.

A Terrible Scourge.

HALIFAX, Dec. 10.—Diphtheria destroyed two thousand lives in the province last year. Preventive measures are to be taken.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

ARIZONA.

Fire at Tombstone.

TOMBSTONE, Dec. 10.—Fire broke out last night in a frame lodging house on Toughnut street south of the Grand Hotel. The house contained 12 rooms and was run in connection with the hotel. That and W. T. Rickard's assay office, with stables and corral of Taylor & Brown were entirely destroyed. Had there been a wind the whole block would have been burned. Five companies soon controlled the flames. Loss about $10,000.

CALIFORNIA.

Deaths of the Week.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—Mortuary report for the week ending Dec. 9, shows the total deaths to be 92; male, 54; female, 38.

Released on Giving Bonds.

Harris Lewis, who was arrested a few days ago upon a writ issued out of the U. S. district court in the Schonefeldt insolvency proceedings, has been released on furnishing a bond in the sum of $18,000.

W. T. Howe, a private detective, who was arrested yesterday for complicity in the manipulation of the U. S. bonds, has been released on furnishing $3000 bonds.

Failed to get a Quorum.

The old and new republican committees were called to meet this evening in the parlors of the Palace hotel for the purpose of effecting the proposed plan of reorganization of the republican party in this city, but failing of a quorum the members present adjourned to meet at the call of the president.

Signal Service Needs.

A special meeting of the board of trade was held this afternoon, at which the special committee on signal service presented their report. They recommended that the board of trade ask congress to urge the passage of a bill appropriating a sufficient sum to thoroughly organize the signal service, and to favor a recommendation to establish an independent signal department on the Pacific coast, to appropriate $15,000 for a telegraph line from Astoria via Fort Adams to the Seattle coal mines, and thence by cable to Tatoosh head, Or.; and also $25,000 for a telegraph line from Fort Townsend to Cape Flattery, W. T.; both for signal service.

A special meeting was also held to-day by the chamber of commerce, in which a resolution was passed calling upon congress for appropriations for an increase of signal service on the Pacific coast.

VILE PUBLICATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

When I commenced reading your article on "Bad Books" the other day I hoped to see bad newspapers get a scoring. The latter are much more pernicious in their effects on society than the former. The readers of bad books are limited in number, whilst everybody reads the bad newspaper. In this varied world of ours there are degrees of badness, as of goodness. Some newspapers are bad, others worse, whilst others yet are of the worst kind.

Portland, like other towns, is cursed with these barnacles on the body social. It is commonly reported that there are two of these pestiferous concerns eking out their miserable existence, by pandering to the vilest instincts of the most depraved class. With these vile concerns no character is too exalted or pure to be exempt from their calumnious pens. A few days since my attention was called to one of these diabolical sheets, which contained an attack on a gentleman well known as a man of honor, and undoubted integrity of character. The charge preferred against this good man by this satanic press, was of a most devilish nature, and was a tissue of lies from beginning to end. Now, what is to be done in a case like this? The editor of this nameless blackmailing concern is, in character, as worthless and irresponsible as the vile sheet which receives his impress. In such a case redress is impossible. A suit at law would be a farce. The cowhiding of so low a character would be too great a condescension to ask of any gentleman. Then what is to be done? THE OREGONIAN says "bad literature is not a matter for the state to regulate." Then where is the remedy? I leave THE OREGONIAN to answer. INQUIRER.

[The remedy is in an improved public and private morality. These vile publications exist because there is a market for them. A better tone of public and private morals would destroy that market, and the leprous publications complained of would then cease to exist.—THE OREGONIAN.]

UNIFORM TAXATION.

HILLSBORO, Dec. 8, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE OREGONIAN:

"Farmer," in your daily of December 7th, strenuously objects to the policy of taxing church property. As I earnestly hope, and "Farmer" evidently fears that our next legislature may follow the example set by Washington territory, permit me to slightly paraphrase the argume nt of that writer that we may see the logical conclusion at which he must arrive. I quote "Farmer's" exact language and interpolate in brackets.

He says, in speaking of Mr. Kuhn, "Is he not aware that Evangelical churches [railroads, steamboats and telegraph lines] are sources and evidences of good strong government, sources of light, charity and philanthrophy? That no government was ever or can be good, strong and permanent under which there are no churches, [stores and hotels] and in proportion to the number of consistent church members [active business men] is the elevated character of government or nation? Is he ignorant of the fact that these churches [structures] are built and supported by a voluntary tax from the friends of good order and government besides paying their just taxation of state and other taxes?

Again, is he ignorant of the fact that all civilized and enlightened governments view the multitude of churches [manufactories] as evidences of stability and good government? Is he ignorant of the fact that a country without churches [public carriers] is a country of barbarians, and would be lead us back to that condition by taxing them out of existence?

If he is ignorant as above his friends should send him to school again, or induce him to read a little more, and so correct some of his illogical conclusions."

If the above argument means anything it is that a great many good investments ought to escape taxation, and I don't believe "Farmer" will be found willing to take his own medicine. TAXPAYER.

AN ARGONAUTIC ENGINE.

Something which May Interest our Fire Laddies.

THE FAMOUS OLD PIONEER MACHINE.

A Sketch of Broderick's Life as a Fireman, and His Early Labors in San Francisco His Handiwork Exiled to Idaho.

In December, 1850, the need of fire engines in San Francisco was very apparent and David C. Broderick, then a state senator-elect from that county, conceived the idea of organizing something besides the hook and ladder and bucket companies then in existence. He had been foreman of Howard 3d, in New York, and was known to be a daring and sagacious hand at checking the ravages of the devouring element. A meeting was called in the Parker house, next door to the Jenny Lind theater and $5400 subscribed in less than two hours. David C. Beck moved that an order be sent to James Smith & Sons for a second class piano box engine, pierced for two streams. Mr. Broderick agreed with Mr. Beck that in the unparalled condition of the San Francisco streets it would be impossible to get a first class engine to any fire on the hill above Kearny street; but he believed it would not be safe to wait till the money could be sent to New York and an engine brought back. The shortest means of conveyance was across the Isthmus of Panama and the trip generally consumed twenty-seven days as there was

NO PANAMA RAILROAD.

He therefore urged that the engine be built in San Francisco, offering to give his personal supervision to the construction of the machine free of cost to the city. He was then working as a melter and refiner of bullion in an assay office on the Clay street side of the plaza, for Frederic D. Kohler. The same building was afterwards occupied as the Sazerac saloon. Broderick fought the matter through with his usual positiveness until Frank Lemon, David Scannell and Fred Kohler were appointed a committee to receive proposals for building the engine. At the next meeting designated in the resolution this committee reported back the bids and the contract was let to Hinckley, Worth & Hyde of the Fulton foundry. Mr. Broderick thenceforth made their machine shop his headquarters and not a screw or a bolt that went into that engine escaped his vigilant scrutiny. "He wouldn't go away for folve minutes, sor, to as much as take a dhrink," was told me by old Mark Hoenan; an uncle of the Benicia Boy, who did the brass work on her. In this matter Broderick's sagacity was fully established, as the engine was finished

IN THIRTY-EIGHT DAYS

From the date of her commencement, and the money subscribed not only paid for her, but bought sixty suits of uniform for the members. Of course, the company would listen to nothing else, and Broderick was chosen her first foreman, with David Scannell as assistant and E. B. Cotter as secretary. Shortly afterwards a department organization was had and Frederick D. Kohler chosen as chief engineer, with George H. Hossefross and Franklin Whitney as assistants. The engine was housed under the title of "Empire No. 1," with appropriate scenic paintings, and she was the "Old Dominion," of the San Francisco fire department. The following year a split in the company occurred led on by David L. Beck, Archibald Wason and others, and they organized a new company called "Howard No. 2." "Howard 3" was organized entirely by men of New England birth, and Frank Whitney was her first foreman. About that time the owners in the vicinity of the Occidental hotel thought they would like a fire engine of their own, so Marcus D. Borack and John W. Ackerson (now of Tacoma, W. T.) organized "California No. 4." In 1851,

ANOTHER EXCESSION

took place from Nos. 1 and 2, under the lead of some younger members of each company. The new organization was called Knickerbocker 5, and Charles D. Buckingham was its first foreman. The most powerful company for wealth and political influence ever known there was next organized, composed mostly of Maryland and Virginia men, and was called Monumental 6. A split in the ranks of Howard 3, about the same time, led to the organization of Volunteer No. 7, under the foremanship of John C. Lane, with an engine presented them by Capt. F. W. Macondray, a retired shipmaster. He named the machine Monumental. Pacific No. 8 was composed mostly of whitehall boatmen and steamship firemen and Charles Gallagher was its first foreman. Vigilant No. 9 was organized by Capt. John Short, now a captain of police. Crescent 10 was nearly all New York men, with James P. Casey as foreman. He was hanged by a vigilance committee for shooting James King of William. Columbia 11 was composed of German artisans mostly, with Alex Bezes as first foreman. She was housed on the present site of the California Theater. The organization of Pennsylvania 12 was

DECIDEDLY ARISTOCRATIC,

Having on its rolls two congressmen, five brigadier generals and two major generals. It had the handsomest engine house and the most beautiful uniforms I ever saw. Major General W. S. Hancock and Joseph Hooker were members of this company, as well as Brigadier Generals T. D. Johns, Jas. B. McPherson, H. E. Burnham and Austin E. Smith (confederate), and Jerry B. Moore, who was brevetted for bravery in the Utah Indian war under Connor. The congressmen were Joe McKibben and Charles Clayton. The organization of Young America 13, at the Mission Dolores, was a job to get rid of politics and jury duty. Bill Shear was foreman, and she had over 200 merchants, lawyers and doctors on her roll, and was not rolled, to use an Irishism. Tiger 14 was organized in 1856, when "Happy Valley" began to settle up, and was a very useful company. In addition to these, there were three hook and ladder companies—St. Francis No. 1, Sansome No. 2, and Lafayette No. 3, the latter composed of Frenchmen, commanded first by Audoine Boverat and afterwards by Ponton d'Arce. Broder ck hose was organized in 1858 as an independent organization, and was never admitted.

THE PAID FIRE DEPARTMENT

Was organized in 1866, in consequence of local bickerings within the volunteer department, and with its organization steam began to supercede muscle and the old hand-engines were sold off right and left. Big Sid, the largest and finest finished engine on the coast, was sold to the Monumentals 6 go to Virginia City, whence she subsequently was sold to Marshfield on Coos Bay, being poorly adapted to so hilly a town. In Dayton or Boise she would answer better. Volunteer 7 is now called the Wasco at The Dalles and Howard 3 is owned in Seattle. Tiger 14 was owned in Walla Walla, but was sold to go to Colfax. Vigilant 9 and Pennsylvania 12 were both sold to Gold Hill, Nev., and Crescent City. Columbia 11 was shipped to Humboldt Bay and Pacific 8 to Olympia. But the old pioneer hand-engine from which we have digressed, parodiously we trust, on whose polished steel frame are engraven the handiwork of the great stone-cutter statesman as indelibly as his sagacity and foresight are impressed upon the foundation stone of his adopted state, has

TAKEN A LONGER JOURNEY.

In the Gwybee *Avalanche* of December 3d we find a paragraph announcing the arrival there of the famous old machine built under Broderick's supervision after being hauled across the desert from Winnemucca, a distance of 226 miles, by four horses driven by an old San Francisco tramp. After the senator was killed in a duel with Judge Terry in September, 1859, the name of the "Empire" was changed to that of "Broderick," which the old machine still bears. The *Avalanche* says that on Wednesday some of the "boyhoys" took hold of the machine and scoured it up, and in the afternoon a trial of it was made which proved very satisfactory. With but a small force of men on the brakes, a stream was thrown from the well at the side of Somuercamp's saloon over the livery stable on the opposite side of the street, a distance of over 100 feet, which proves that there will be no trouble in getting water on any building in town. The engine, when built, was intended for one of the best. The material is of polished steel, light and durable, and the finish shows first-class workmanship. It needs a little repairing, which will be promptly attended to, and should a fire occur (a thing not to be wished for) it will doubtless prove its value.

IT WILL LAY ITS BONES

In that plucky little city that is cradled amid the snows and "popoxie" of the great silver-bearing flat that is nestled between the summits of War Eagle and Florida mountains. And it is hardly probable that the name of the stone-cutter senator will contribute to adorn the machine, although Owyhee was the "last ditch" of the argonauts, and Idaho is today more Californian in character than California. Yet as Senator Broderick was never in Idaho during his life, it is not very likely she will long bear his name. Up in the eternal snows of the jagged crag which whose broken summits pierce the azure, amid the din of stalwart labor and the ceaseless rattle of the tireless stamps that are flooding the land with riviers of bullion, like last vestige of the dauntless champion of free labor shall rust, moulder and quietly pass away. The little bustling town of Silver possesses the "neat egg" of all the volunteer fire departments of the Pacific coast and should treasure it as a prize.

THE COURTS.

COUNTY COURT—DICE, J.

PROBATE.

SATURDAY, Dec. 10, 1881.

Estate of Michael Kane, dec'd—Order of sale of realty.

STATE CIRCUIT COURT—STOTT, J.

State of Oregon vs Ah Sing—Plea of not guilty.

State of Oregon vs Tim Whelan—This afternoon to plead.

State of Oregon vs T. W. Andrews—Plea of not guilty.

State of Oregon vs Geo. W. Wiseman—Plea of not guilty.

Myers vs Howell—First day of next term to reply.

State of Oregon vs T. B. Hall—Plea not made.

Gillikin vs Matthews—Continued for the term.

Cox vs Wilson—Same.

State of Oregon vs John O. Henderson—Not a true bill.

State of Oregon vs James Murphy—Not a true bill.

DO NOT HESITATE

Longer, but go at once and provide yourself for the winter with an entire outfit, which Isaac Barman, Front and Morrison streets, is prepared to supply you with. Not only this, but he can give you the lowest possible prices, having marked all goods down in order to hasten the disposal of the stock. Anything in the store will be sold at 50 per cent. reduction. What more can you want than to buy at these figures? Remember only a short time remains to buy at the low prices.

ROD AND GUN.

The Domestication of Foreign Food Fishes.

THE BLACK AND STRIPED BASSES.

A Californian's Views on Mountain Trout—Value of Field Sports as a Measure of Sheltered Health.

The organization of a rod and gun club in Portland was a praiseworthy action and deserves the cooperation of all who desire to see the game of our grand forests preserved from wanton annihilation. But it does not go far enough in its operations. As it does not go far enough in its operations. As a disposer of choice provender and palatable fluids in its annual re-unions, it has never been excelled by any club organized within the state. With such genial spirits as Whalley, Bybee, Abell and others we could name, it is certain to be one of the permanent institutions, but it should extend its missions beyond the mere local protection of native game. We refer more particularly to the acclimatization of foreign birds and fish, and their protection by legal enactment until such time as they have increased beyond the need of such legislation. Other local clubs have essayed these experiments with marked success. The Boisselay swans with the ear-splitting quill (Bob White himself) imported eight years ago, but next year they can be shot without infringement of law. The blue quail of the California valleys have been successfully domesticated on the islands at the lower end of Puget sound until they are rapidly becoming too numerous for comfort, and we all remember with pleasure the two coops of Japanese pheasants and quail grouse sent over here for domestication by our old friend Judge Denny.

THE BLACK BASS

Is the fish of which we are most in need at present, and next to him the striped bass of the Atlantic rivers. The black bass is the captain-general of American game fish, for it takes a cute angler to nonchalam and a strong rod to land him. A two-pound black bass will give you a harder battle than a six-pound trout, in seven cases out of ten. To see a two-pounder vault into the air a least four feet when hooked and try to disengage himself from the hook, is indeed worth a long walk or a hard day's rowing in a boat. Our early education in this line, one of the fair bosom of Cayuga lake, in "the central part of New York, has given us a life-long pass on for angling; and although we never go back out but as long as upon the first day of May, we generally do, when we shall be as plenty in the lakes and streams as in the rivers of Oregon. The first man to take the bounty he smiters in this particular way is Capt. John C. Ainsworth, of Oakland, Cal., who was Capt. John C. Ainsworth, of Oakland, Cal., who still feels as great an interest in Oregon as he did when really at the corner of Third and Pine streets in this city. He sent up a barrel of young shad some months ago but they all died for want of proper han dling on the trip. His son then determined to send a man to take special charge of a second batch of fish, and selected W. S. Failing for that purpose. That gentleman reached Oakland and went to the old schr. mir l's pond but when he got there not a fish was to be had. They had hibernated for the winter and had mired themselves in the soft mud at the bottom of the pond.

YOUNG FISH TRANSPORTED

From one place to another should be carried in barrels that have been slightly charred on the inside. The water into which they are put should be carried at regular intervals during the day and night. A voyage of three days can be thus made without change of water, if the attendant in charge will only use a large and vigorous sprinkler with a pair to take the pressure from the water with a pair of cylinders bellows with an extension nozzle attached. This nozzle should be of such length as to blow the air into the water at about two-thirds of its entire depth. But to make a sure thing of it, the water should be changed at least once per day and then the entire process is an additional help. There are so many small lakes in Oregon that could be used for temporary domestication, until such time as railway communication is extended so as to admit of their being transferred into the beautiful lakes of Crater, Odell, Klamath and Wallowa. The black bass is of two distinct varieties—the long nose and the big mouth. The latter is found in southern waters exclusively, while the long nosed brother has taken himself off to the lakes and streams north of Chesapeake Bay. The good people of Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas call this fish a bream, and there never was a more appropriate name. The trout between the dorsal fin peculiar to the perch, and is laid down as the *labrax lineatus*. It is a migratory fish like the salmon, but not exactly in the rivers to spawn, it keeps within the limit of brackish water. It varies in size and has been known to attain to the weight of seventy pounds. It frequents a muddy bays in the winter season, and in the spring runs up the rivers to devour the spawn of the fishy tribe. In June it returns to salt water and in September it again ascends the river for the purpose of depositing its own spawn. It is a voracious fish and affords very fine sport at the mouth of the Passaic, Hudson and Delaware rivers in May, June, September and October. In November and December it is found in the Potomac. The fish was a favorite with Stonewall Jackson, who was a native of Charleston. John W. Mason, of Virginia, was another ardent devotee of this branch of angling. Conversing with a friend of his after one day in which he had asked about a wee thy widow who lived near Lynchburg:

"I heard that old Judge Weems made her an offer of marriage the other day," said our friend.

"Yes, he did, the old gentleman," replied Mr. Mason.

"How did the lady like the proposition?"

"Why the bones of Powhatan she bit like a striped bass," exclaimed Mr. Mason, "and they are to be married before next Christmas."

In order that this would be to angle for in the vicinity of Astoria, Schooneokers at Oak Point, in the mellow September days. Who will domesticate him?

NOT ALTOGETHER AN ALIEN.

[BY TELEGRAPH.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 10.—Arrived—Ship Topgallant, Port Blakely; Bk Enoch Talbot, Seattle; schr Gotama, Coos Bay; schr C. J. Merchant, Coos Bay; schr Annora, Coos Bay; Br ship Cambrian, Monnet Sydney, Australia.

Sailed—Str Umatilla, Seattle; bark Dashing Wave Tacoma; Am ship Bello of Bath., Cork, f. o.; Am ship America, Cork, f. o.; Am ship Wm. and Wing, Coos Bay; schr Mohe, Coquille river; Br ship Arklow Cork, f. o.; Am schr. C. Sargent, Liverpool, Havre or Antwerp.

NEW YORK, Dec. 10—Sailed—Str Acapulco, Aspinwall.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 10.—Sailed—Am ship Thomas Nickerson, San Francisco.

LIVERPOOL, Dec. 10.—Arrived—Am ship John Bowers, San Francisco.

QUEENSTOWN, Dec. 8.—Arrived—Br ship Centaur, San Francisco.

ASTORIA, Dec. 10.—The Portland crossed out this morning; the Br bk River Garonne outside; the Oregon arrived in yesterday. Weather showery; wind southwest.

Steel Works Shut Down.

CHICAGO, Dec. 2.—A Joliet special says: The